

THE DEVIL'S ROAD

Written by

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One-Hour Pilot

"Underneath the Mask"

In 2004 the Oklahoma Bureau of Investigations reported a trail of nearly 500 dead bodies of women found along Interstate 40 including the states of Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Mississippi.

Known locally as ...

THE DEVIL'S ROAD

FADE IN:

EXT. GORE MOTEL - NIGHT

A red neon sign "Gore Motel, VACANCY" BUZZES over the dimly lit parking lot of a rundown, two-story cinderblock motel.

SUPER: CASE 4490 - GORE, OKLAHOMA - APRIL 12TH, 1999

There is a growing ROAR as a tractor-trailer carrying a heavy load flies past on Highway 64, heading west into a brewing storm in the distance.

Coming out of the storm, a beat up green four-door sedan pulls into the parking lot of the motel. Ancient country music can be heard playing on its radio.

THE DRIVER (V.O.)

You think that when you look at  
folks, you really see 'em, but you  
don't.

The passenger door opens, and a WOMAN(20s) gets out. She adjusts her skirt and tugs at her red-haired wig.

THE DRIVER (V.O.)

Truth is, nobody really wants to be  
seen.

She walks into the darkness under the second-floor balcony. There's a FLASH of light across her face as she lights a cigarette.

A metal on metal CREAK and BANG comes from the car as the driver-side door opens and shuts. Work boots CRUNCH in the gravel. The Driver approaches the Woman.

THE DRIVER (O.S.)

Ain't paying you to smoke.

The Woman takes a long pull and thumps the cigarette into the night. She blows the Driver a kiss and gives him a wink.

THE DRIVER (V.O.)

We hide in our little lives, worlds  
we create so that others don't ever  
truly find out who we really are.

In the darkness, keys JINGLE and the motel room door opens. A silhouette of THE DRIVER(40s) appears in the glow from the room's interior. His imposing size fills the door frame.

The Woman follows him inside and closes the door behind her.

INT. MOTEL ROOM/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Woman looks into the mirror, darkens her eyeliner and her lipstick. She's nervous, shaky.

Digging through her purse, she pulls out a small baggy with several blue/white crystals inside. She shoves a crystal into the end of a pipe, lights the end, and draws in the smoke.

She closes her eyes and slowly lets the smoke drift back out, enjoying the coming on of a high.

She looks at herself in the mirror again. The fluorescent light overhead flickers as she smiles. When her lips part, she stares at her misshapen teeth.

THE DRIVER (V.O.)

The real person lives just under  
the surface of the skin.

Back into the purse, she pulls out a tiny .22 revolver, smaller than the palm of her hand. She unscrews the cylinder pin and pulls the cylinder free.

She drops five bullets into the cylinder and reattaches the assembly. She shoves the small gun into her boot.

THE DRIVER (V.O.)

Maybe they're a good person, maybe  
they're not. Don't matter.

She unzips her skirt, drops it to the floor, and pulls off her blouse.

She looks at herself in the mirror again. She smiles, keeping her lips together this time.

THE DRIVER (V.O.)

All we get is the show they put on.  
The image they draw for us to see.  
The mask they wear.

She flips off the light.

INT. MOTEL ROOM/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Woman steps out of the bathroom with confidence, leaving the door open behind her. She looks into the room and sees one of the beds unmade, covers and sheets on the floor, but no Driver.

## THE WOMAN

We playin' hide and seek, sweetie?

She walks towards the unmade bed. Polaroids cover the raw mattress.

She picks one up.

The bound, naked, and bloody body in the photo stares back at her.

She drops the photo and sees the rest of the pictures on the bed are more of the same. Different women, some alive ... some not.

She runs to the window and looks outside. The car is still there. She spins back towards the room. She's alone.

Her heart's racing from the mixture of fear and drugs. She bends over and pulls at the zipper on her boot, and the bathroom door behind her slowly swings closed.

She hears the SQUEAK of the hinge and turns as a blur of flesh charges at her. The naked Driver swings a wooden club that connects with her face. Everything goes BLACK.

## THE DRIVER (V.O.)

But if you're lucky, you get to see  
what's underneath ... underneath  
all those lies.

## INT. MOTEL ROOM/BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Woman's swollen and bruised eyes peek open slowly. Her bloody nose runs down over her taped mouth. As she regains consciousness, she tries to scream.

A large hand in leather working gloves reaches out and caresses her face. It adjusts the red-haired wig, putting it back in place.

## THE DRIVER (O.S.)

Shhh. I'm not finished yet. Now,  
look. Look at the raw ... the real.  
There's no mask here.

The Driver stands in front of her, fully nude. A wooden club hangs from a leather strap on one hand. He picks up a box cutter and CLICKS open the blade.

Again she tries to cry out, and the club arcs through the air and comes down on her head.

EXT. HIGHWAY 64 ROADSIDE - DAY

The prairie grassland looks alive as it moves in the wind. SAMANTHA HART(30s) stares out over the landscape stretching into the forever. A tear rolls down her face.

She wipes away the rare show of emotion, and glances down at her phone as it buzzes. She denies the call.

She looks up at the rising sun. It bathes her uniformed body in orange rays as she leans against the trunk of her cruiser.

She walks back around to the driver's side door emblazoned with the SEQUOYAH COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT logo, and slings the phone into the open window.

She grabs a pair of binoculars off of the dash and raises them, peering into the distance.

There is a trailer park across the highway. She focuses on one trailer in particular. The front door of the small worn home opens.

HEATHER JEAN(20s) walks down the cement block steps in cut-off shorts and a baggy t-shirt covering her thin frame. She pulls out a pack of smokes. Empty. She crushes the pack and tosses them into the dirt.

Samantha pulls out a pad and makes a note. The time log on the sheet is near the bottom. She's been at this for a while.

She watches Heather walk down the rolling hill towards a truck stop, just off the entrance to Interstate 40. She looks back to the trailer, and the open door swings in the wind.

She sees a two-door coupe parked in the drive and notes it in her log.

STATIC erupts on the radio from inside her cruiser.

BANDY (V.O.)

Uh ... gotta ten fifty-four out  
here on Okie sixty-four, over.

Samantha climbs inside her office.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Samantha turns the volume on her police radio up.

BANDY (V.O.)  
Anybody got that? That's a possible  
dead body on Okie sixty-four near  
the forty-four ninety.

Samantha picks up her handset.

SAMANTHA  
Bandy? Lieutenant Hart here. Can  
you confirm your location, over?

BANDY (V.O.)  
Okie six-four near four-four-nine-  
oh. Over.

SAMANTHA  
Copy Bandy. On my way, out.

Samantha hangs up the handset and raises her binoculars for a last look. Through the lenses, she sees the trailer door is now shut but the two-door coupe remains.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Dammit.

She tosses the binoculars on the passenger seat, slams the car door, and starts the ignition.

She's about to shift into drive but feels something in her seat. She reaches underneath her bottom and fishes out her cell phone.

She clicks through the screens to find the recent calls, selects the familiar number, and deletes it.

The phone slides into the pocket of her jacket, and she drops the car into drive.

EXT. HIGHWAY 64 ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The back wheels spin in the soft gravel on the side of the road as the car pulls back onto the blacktop of Highway 64, heading away from the truck stop.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Samantha glances in the side mirror and sees Heather, nearly to the truck stop now. She shakes her head in disgust, pushes the ignition harder, and flips on her lights and siren.

INT. MOSES'S CAR - DAY

MOSES BLACKROCK(50s), a Native American man with a buzz cut and steely gaze, squeezes and kneads the steering wheel as he drives, working over a problem in his mind.

A police SIREN is heard approaching, and he pulls off the road, puts the car in park, and watches Samantha's cruiser fly past.

He turns and watches the cruiser slide over the hill in his rear glass. He looks at the small duffle in the backseat.

He turns back to the front, drops the car into drive, and continues on, keeping the car under the speed limit.

EXT. OLD 64 TRUCKSTOP - CONTINUOUS

Heather walks past a tractor-trailer parked in a large grassy lot behind the station.

The window rolls down, and a bloated, bearded face pokes through the opening. The TRUCKER whistles.

TRUCKER  
(to Heather)  
Ready to clock in, little darlin'?

HEATHER  
Not before breakfast, big fella.

She spins and gives him a false smile. A rough, sick laugh erupts from behind the beard, and he rolls up his window and starts his engine.

Heather opens the door to the station and goes inside.

INT. OLD 64 TRUCKSTOP - CONTINUOUS

Behind the counter is DARLENE(50s), with her hair pulled back tight enough to raise her eyebrows. She sucks on her Virginia Slim and washes it down with a Diet Dr. Pepper.

DARLENE  
If you're here, it must almost be  
quittin' time.

HEATHER  
Mind if I grab a shower?

Darlene glances under the counter. Below is a small black and white television showing the interior of the shower.



Two people fuck in one of the stalls. A "REC" sign flashes in the corner of the screen.

DARLENE

Be a minute or two.

Heather walks down the aisle towards the sugary snacks. She casually grabs a package of cupcakes and puts them in her pocket.

Darlene watches on the security cam as Heather steals the food before going back to the shower scene.

Coffee pours into a refillable cup, and Heather adds sugar lots of sugar. She stirs and takes a sip. Perfect.

HEATHER

Pack of reds?

Darlene grabs the cigarettes from the overhead shelf without looking and drops them on the counter.

DARLENE

Three and a quarter.

Heather tosses the cash on the counter.

HEATHER

Guess you saw the cupcakes.

Darlene giggles, and Heather opens her sweet treat and takes a bite. She walks back to the front door.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Hollar when it's all clear.

EXT. OLD 64 TRUCKSTOP - CONTINUOUS

Heather leans against the corner of the building and sips her coffee.

Moses' car pulls into the station and stops in front of Heather. She pulls out her smokes as Moses gets out of the vehicle carrying the duffle bag.

HEATHER

Got a light handsome?

He walks past her, responding only with a hard stare. She lights her own cigarette.

Moses walks around the back of the station to an exterior bathroom door. He opens it and goes inside.

INT. OLD 64 TRUCKSTOP/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moses sits the duffle on the sink and unzips it. Inside are many large baggies filled with blue/white crystals, methamphetamine.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small notepad and pen. He scratches out a note, and drops it in the bag.

The note reads, "LAST ONE AND FUCK YOU."

He bends down and turns off the water to the toilet. He removes the lid of the tank, flushes, and kicks the water line free from the wall.

He waits for the water to drain, drops in the bag, and replaces the lid.

EXT. OLD 64 TRUCKSTOP - CONTINUOUS

Heather steps into the sunshine and closes her eyes a moment. She takes another draw off of her cigarette and squints into the rising light, enjoying the warmth from the sun.

BANG BANG comes from behind her, and she turns to see Darlene knocking on the window from inside the station.

DARLENE  
(through the glass)  
All clear.

Heather shoves the last bite of her cupcake in her mouth and walks back towards the station.

Moses is coming back around the corner and bumps into her, accidentally touching her breast.

HEATHER  
Hey!

MOSES  
Sorry, accident.

HEATHER  
How about a few bucks to say I'm  
sorry?

Moses reaches inside his jacket pocket and pulls out his wallet. He flips it open to show his FBI badge.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Jesus. Hey, I was just kiddin'.

Heather backs away and goes inside the store. Moses watches her go, sees Darlene watching from inside as well. He notices the camera pointed in his direction above the door.

He walks back to his car and gets inside.

INT. MOSES'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Moses flops into his seat and shuts the door. He slides his badge back into his jacket pocket and starts the engine.

He reaches over and turns on the air conditioning full blast, leans back into his seat, and closes his eyes.

EXT. ROUTE 4490 - DAY

BANDY(30s), a lanky deputy with a shock of blonde hair blowing in the wind, stands on the side of the road.

Samantha's SIREN can be heard in the distance.

Bandy looks back over his shoulder. A body sits in a chair on top of a hill off the road a piece. It's slumped over, and its long red hair whips in the wind.

Samantha pulls in next to Bandy's cruiser. She cuts off the siren.

BANDY  
Hey there Lieutenant.

Samantha joins Bandy on the side of the road.

SAMANTHA  
Bandy.

BANDY  
Ain't been up there yet.

SAMANTHA  
You mean to tell me you haven't confirmed that it's a-

BANDY  
Ain't no way I'm going up there alone. You kiddin' me? I mean, you ever even seen a dead body before? They're hard and stiff, and if-

SAMANTHA  
Bandy!

He jumps when she screams at him. She tosses her keys at his chest, and he catches them, barely.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Get the camera out of my trunk.

She turns towards the body on the hill.

There are two depressed trails in the grass heading towards the body. Samantha veers far right of them and blazes her own track.

Bandy pops the trunk of Samantha's cruiser. He opens a file folder with an "LL" written on the lid. He finds the camera sitting on top of a stack of papers. The top sheet has a polaroid of a dead woman paper-clipped to it.

Samantha approaches slowly, searching the ground in front of her for any clues. She stops, bends down, and looks closely at a plastic sack half-buried in the ground in front of her.

She pulls a pen out of her pocket and pulls back the opening. It's full of stained blue rags. It could be oil, or it could be blood.

She walks wide of the bag and continues towards the body and the chair. The red hair whips in the wind as she gets closer. A large gust comes through, and the wig flies off and flips up and away with the wind.

Samantha takes several quick steps and snatches the wig from the air before it can get away. The hair whips back in her face, painting lines of blood on her skin. She doesn't notice.

As she walks around the body, she sees what's become of our Woman. Her face has been removed ... and sewn back on as a mask.

EXT. ROUTE 4490 - LATER

Five cruisers now sit parked along the side of the road. Their lights spin in the late morning sunshine.

Bandy snaps photos of the body in the chair. He looks physically ill. Samantha, and three other OFFICERS are huddled in discussion.

SAMANTHA

Jesus Christ!

Samantha pushes through the others and walks towards her cruiser.

CAPT. JAMES(60s), one of the officers on site, follows her. His broad Stetson sits atop his tall body, making him a giant amongst the rest.

CAPT. JAMES  
Lieutenant, that's an order, and I expect you to follow it.

Samantha opens her cruiser door to leave.

SAMANTHA  
(sarcastically)  
On my way now, Sir.

CAPT. JAMES  
Damn right you are, and I expect those files to be returned to the station when you get back.

SAMANTHA  
Want me to cover 'em back up with dust as well?

Captain James takes off his hat and runs his fingers through his short gray hair.

CAPT. JAMES  
(confidentially)  
You know, if any of these other fellas spoke to me the way you do, I'd have their asses in a sling.

SAMANTHA  
Not a one of you gives a damn about these girls. Now, if you'll excuse me, I gotta local to assist on a drunk driving call.

CAPT. JAMES  
Samantha, return the files. There's a process here, and I expect you to follow it. You copy?

SAMANTHA  
Copy.

CAPT. JAMES  
(pointing to her face)  
You got something here.

She looks in the side mirror and sees a thin streak of blood across her face.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Samantha opens the glovebox, pulls out a tissue and an envelope. Looking into the rearview, she wipes away the blood, puts the tissue in the envelope, seals it, and scratches a note over the seal.

EXT. ROUTE 4490 - CONTINUOUS

Bandy walks up to Captain James with Samantha's camera strapped over his shoulder.

BANDY

Think maybe I should give her a hand?

James notices a blob of something on Bandy's uniform.

CAPT. JAMES

Is that vomit on your shirt?

Bandy looks down, notices the stain, pulls a handkerchief from his pocket, and begins to wipe.

BANDY

I gotta get her camera back to her anyways.

James rejoins his other men.

CAPT. JAMES

(over his shoulder)

Get the hell out of here, Bandy.

Bandy wipes and heads to his cruiser.

INT. OLD 64 TRUCKSTOP/SHOWERS - DAY

Heather dries her hair. She pulls it into pigtails, puts on lip liner, ties her shirt over her midsection, and flirts with herself in the mirror.

HEATHER

Well, imagine that. It's my first time too.

She drops the act, takes a deep breath, and walks out.

EXT. OLD 64 TRUCKSTOP - MONTAGE OF MOMENTS

She walks beside the gas terminals as a TRUCKER fills his ride with diesel. He shakes his head and waves her to move on.

Heather approaches a truck, taps on the window, and smiles. The door opens, and she climbs inside.

The cab of the truck rocks back and forth from a struggle inside. The passenger door flings open, and Heather climbs out, holding a knife and fist full of money. She slams the door. A hand appears in the window, flipping her the bird.

HEATHER

Yeah, fuck you too, limp dick.

The sun beats down on her as she moves between a couple of trucks. Sweat beads on her forehead. She looks at her reflection on the side of a tanker and wipes at her smeared lipstick.

The door to the tanker truck opens next to her. She looks up inside the cab.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Hey honey, buy me a drink?

The TRUCKER(40s) wears a baseball hat pinning up her dark hair. She looks down at Heather and shakes her head. Heather nods and walks away.

TRUCKER (O.S.)

Not much of a salesman, are you?

Heather spins on her heels and approaches the cab.

INT. OLD 64 TRUCKSTOP/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Heather has her back to the wall, and her hand shoved down the Trucker's pants. She lets the woman suck on her neck while she works.

She catches a glance of herself in the mirror over the sink and turns away as she rubs the woman off. The Trucker begins to buck and moan as she finishes.

Heather pulls her hand free and walks to the sink to wash up. The Trucker tosses a couple of twenties on the sink and walks out. One of the bills falls to the ground.

Heather bends down to pick up the wet money. She notices the free water line and traces it back up to the tank.

There's a piece of fabric holding the lip of the lid up.

She slides the lid off and sees the duffle bag inside. She finds the zipper and begins to pull it back when, BANG BANG BANG!

HEATHER

Goddamit!

BATHROOM GUY (O.S.)

(from the other side of  
the door)

Hurry up in there.

HEATHER

(towards the door)

Outta order!

She pulls the zipper back and sees the crystal. Lots of crystal.

EXT. OLD 64 TRUCKSTOP - CONTINUOUS

Heather walks quickly through the grassy parking lot between the other trucks, strapping the duffle over her shoulder.

She keeps looking around to see if anyone notices the bag she carries.

When she clears the lot, she can't help herself, and the fast walk turns into a run.

INT. HEATHER'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

The front door of the trailer swings open, and Heather rushes inside. She shuts the door behind her and turns the lock.

She drops the duffle on the couch, unzips it and pulls out one of the large bags of crystals and lays it on the coffee table.

The last of a pint of whiskey goes into a glass. She sits on the couch and sips her drink, staring at the drugs.

EXT. COUNTY LINE - LATER

Samantha's cruiser pulls in next to two local police cars. A familiar looking green four-door sedan sits in a ditch further down the road, turned over.



Two police officers JOHNSON and WILLIAMS, stand over MAC GIBSON, a large man with shoulder length blond hair. He lays in the grass sweating off a tremendous hangover.

Samantha joins the trio.

SAMANTHA

Afternoon. What we got here?

JOHNSON

Lieutenant Hart, you know Mac Gibson?

Johnson kicks Mac and gets a barely audible grumble in response.

SAMANTHA

We've met. Pulled him for distribution a couple years back.

JOHNSON

Seems like he put on a tear last night and upended his car right before making it home.

SAMANTHA

How might the Sheriff's Department intercede here, fellas? I got a full plate today.

WILLIAMS

We called due to the smell. That's Mac's place.

Williams points towards a trailer further up the road on a dirt lot.

JOHNSON

Pretty noxious, definitely been cooking.

WILLIAMS

Seeing as our jurisdiction ends here at the city line, thought you should take a look. Wanna make sure we run it by the book.

Samantha motions towards Mac, and the two officers help him sit up. Williams slaps his face to get his eyes open.

SAMANTHA

(to Mac)

Mr. Gibson, Lieutenant Hart.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Can you enlighten me as to what I  
might find in that structure of  
yours up the road there?

Mac squints at her through the sun glaring in his eyes. He looks up the hill towards his trailer and shakes his head. His eyes roll back, he smiles, and starts to piss himself.

WILLIAMS

Jesus, he ain't ridin' to the  
station with me.

Bandy's cruiser pulls up and joins the group.

SAMANTHA

You two hang tight while I go take  
a look, okay?

The officers' nod in agreement.

Samantha walks back to Bandy's car as he gets out.

BANDY

Thought you might could use a hand.

She glances at the now smeared vomit stain on his shirt and reluctantly nods in agreement.

EXT. MAC'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Bandy walks up the steps to the trailer door and gives it a tug. It's locked.

SAMANTHA

See anything through the windows?

Bandy cups his hands and looks through the slotted glass on the door.

BANDY

Nothing. Looks to be painted from  
the other side. Sure does smell  
like a meth shack.

SAMANTHA

Yeah.

Samantha walks around the side of the building.

BANDY

Wanna "accidentally" break a window  
and take a look inside?

(MORE)

BANDY (CONT'D)

We see contraband, and we got reasonable cause.

SAMANTHA

No. By the book Bandy.

Samantha points to a bunker door swung open on a hillside not too far from the trailer. Bandy pulls out his flashlight.

INT. MAC'S BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

A set of concrete steps lead down into a dark hole. Bandy clicks on his light and steps inside, followed by Samantha.

Inside the bunker, shelves are lined with dusty cans. On top of a table is a large Ham Radio and computer. The walls are plastered with printouts on the coming "Y2K" apocalypse.

Bandy shines his light on one wall covered in something red.

BANDY

Is that blood?

Samantha inspects closer. It's graffiti of a large digital bug. Underneath is written, "NOWHERE TO HIDE!"

SAMANTHA

Paint.

BANDY

This is a genuine prepper's bunker.

SAMANTHA

Yep, perfectly legal unfortunately.

BANDY

You believe in any of that Y2K stuff?

SAMANTHA

World's going to end because a bunch of computers can't tell what time it is?

BANDY

Yeah, guess it's not that scary when you put it that way.

A rat runs out from underneath a tarp exposing a stack of crates. Samantha lifts the lid on one. Inside it's packed with plastic explosives and several automatic weapons.

SAMANTHA

This, however, is against the law.  
Get on the horn to the station.

Bandy tosses her the flashlight and turns for the door.

INT. HEATHER'S TRAILER - DAY

Heather rushes around the small living room/kitchenette combo, putting the finishing touches on her clean-up. She puts a candle on the coffee table and lights it.

She pulls out a couple of beers from the refrigerator, opens them, and places them next to the candle.

She looks through the window on the front door, rushes back to the couch, and sits. She tries to act casual.

The front door opens, and in walks MADELINE(30s). She's glamorously dressed, her hair is wrapped up in a scarf, and large sunglasses cover most of her face.

HEATHER

Hey, beautiful.

MADELINE

Wow, okay. Candles, beer. You win a scratch-off or something?

HEATHER

Something like that.

They kiss, and Heather hands Madeline a beer. They cheers and drink. Heather points to the couch, and Madeline sits.

MADELINE

What's the special occasion doll?

Heather pulls the duffle bag from under the coffee table. Madeline gives her a quizzical look and then reaches for the zipper, but Heather stops her.

HEATHER

If you could go wherever you want,  
where would you go?

MADELINE

California.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

California.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

When you wanna go?

MADELINE  
What's in the bag?

HEATHER  
An escape plan. Open it.

Madeline unzips the duffel and pulls out one of the bags of meth.

MADELINE  
Oh, Jesus. Jesus, Heather, where did you get this?

HEATHER  
I found it.

MADELINE  
Where?

HEATHER  
What's it matter, it's ours now.

MADELINE  
Whoever left it is going to be looking for it.

HEATHER  
Probably, but they can't find us if we're in California.

MADELINE  
Put it back.

HEATHER  
What?

MADELINE  
Wherever you got this, I want you to put it back. This is trouble.

HEATHER  
No, it's freedom.

MADELINE  
How? How is this going to help us? You know I don't want you-

HEATHER  
No, I haven't. I'm done with it. I made a promise.

Heather puts her hand on Madeline's.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Baby, don't you see. This is crystal. Fucking blue crystal. One of these bags is worth like thirty grand.

Madeline starts to understand. She looks into the bag to count what they have.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Twelve. There are twelve of them. That's over three-hundred thousand dollars. That's freedom.

MADELINE

I can't ... I don't ...

Madeline tosses the duffel on the couch and stands up. She begins to pace and takes a long tug from her beer. She's shaking with fear and anger.

HEATHER

What?

MADELINE

I can't do that. I don't do that, Not anymore.

HEATHER

But this time it's for us. WE get to be free, and not just free but rich.

MADELINE

I'll never get full value. There's too much.

HEATHER

Who cares! If you get half, we're set.

Heather goes to Madeline. She holds her, kisses her cheeks and face. The scarf drops, and Madeline's long red hair falls down her back.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

We'll get a convertible and drive the whole way with the top down, eat lobster and caviar, drink champagne, and fuck under thousand dollar sheets on the top floor of the tallest goddamn hotel in the city of Los Angeles.

MADELINE

I gotta do it alone. I don't want you anywhere near that bag.

HEATHER

But you will? You think you can?

MADELINE

Yeah, I can get it done.

HEATHER

Holy shit, we're going to be rich!

Heather runs to the radio and turns on some music. She maxes out the volume and starts to dance. She grabs Madeline's hand, but Madeline pulls free.

MADELINE

Gotta make a call.

Heather nods, grabs her beer, and begins dancing around the apartment.

Madeline picks up the bag and opens the front door.

EXT. HEATHER'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Madeline sits down on the concrete steps, puts the duffle in her lap, and pulls out her cell phone.

She hesitantly punches in a number she knows all too well and hits the send button.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CRUISER - DAY

Bandy and Samantha sit in the cruiser. They watch the sun setting in the distance. The air conditioner blows.

Bandy sniffs and rubs his nose. They wait.

BANDY

So,-

SAMANTHA

What do you say we just wait here in silence.

Bandy sniffs again. Samantha opens the glovebox.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Blow your goddamn nose, Bandy.

BANDY

Sorry.

He grabs a tissue, and an envelope falls to the floorboard. He picks it up and reads "FILE: 4490" written across it.

Samantha snatches it out of his hand. Bandy blows his nose, and Samantha hits the button to roll down his window.

She puts the envelope back in the glovebox and shuts it.

BANDY (CONT'D)

Sorry I told Captain James about the files.

SAMANTHA

It's alright.

BANDY

What're you doing with those files anyway?

SAMANTHA

You see what was written on that box?

BANDY

Yeah.

SAMANTHA

What's it mean?

BANDY

It's an acronym.

(she stares at him)

It's when you replace a word with the initial-

SAMANTHA

I know what an acronym is, Bandy. What's it stand for?

BANDY

I'd rather not say.

SAMANTHA

Why? Cause you know it's offensive to every victim inside that box.

BANDY

Lot lizards.



SAMANTHA

That's right, lot lizards. That box is full of women who sell their bodies ... used to sell their bodies, and now they're dead, murdered, forgotten ...

BANDY

I didn't write it on the box.

SAMANTHA

I know.

Moses' car pulls into the driveway.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Fed's are here. Now we can get the hell on with our lives.

She opens her car door.

EXT. MAC'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Moses rolls down the window as Samantha and Bandy approach.

MOSES

Evening.

SAMANTHA

Lieutenant Hart and Deputy Banducci.

MOSES

Where's the ordinance?

BANDY

Ordinance?

SAMANTHA

In the bunker.

She points to it.

MOSES

Any idea how much?

SAMANTHA

We only opened one crate, but there's several down there. Between the explosives and the near-certainty there's a meth lab in that trailer, we felt it better to keep our distance.

MOSES

Yeah, can't say I blame you.

SAMANTHA

Alright then, we'll be off. Good luck.

Moses' phone rings.

MOSES

Sorry, give me one minute.

Samantha nods, but she's annoyed. Moses looks at the number, rolls up his window, and flips open the phone.

INT. OLD 64 TRUCKSTOP/BATHROOM - DAY

The shoulder length blond hair of the Driver reflects in the mirror of over the sink.

THE DRIVER

So, you're done?

MOSES (V.O.)

Sorry?

INTERCUT DRIVER/MOSES

THE DRIVER

Got your note.

The Driver holds Moses' note in his gloved hand, "I'M DONE AND FUCK YOU."

MOSES

Yeah, like we agreed, that was the last one.

THE DRIVER

Except, ain't nothing here but the note, and that's just not going to do.

MOSES

What the fuck are you talking about?

THE DRIVER

You are a liar, a compatriot in the ever growing war on the truth.

MOSES

Jesus, save the preaching for Sunday. Do you have the bag or not?

THE DRIVER

You forget that I can see you.

MOSES

Oh yeah, where am I then?

THE DRIVER

You? You're done.

The Driver drops the phone on the wet floor of the bathroom and crushes it with his work boot.

EXT. MAC'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Moses clicks his phone closed. He looks at Samantha and Bandy waiting on him. He rolls his window back down.

MOSES

A team will be here in a couple of hours. I'm going to need you two to stay right where you are.

He puts his car in drive.

SAMANTHA

Excuse me?

MOSES

Sorry. Something's come up.

He pulls away fast.

SAMANTHA

You've got to be shitting me.

BANDY

I didn't know they had Indians in the F.B.I. Did you know that?

Samantha ignores Bandy and walks back to her car.

EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - NIGHT

Light seeps from underneath the door of the motel room. Inside there's a struggle. BUMPS and CRASHES filter through.

The light can be seen glowing through the curtained window. A SCREAM comes from behind the other side.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Help! Please, someone! HEEELP!

A THUD and silence.

A shadow passes in front of the window, and the motel room door rips open. MOSES pokes his head out, looking into the parking lot beyond.

Another loud SCREAM followed by the BUZZ of a chainsaw.

MOSES  
Goddammit.

Moses walks back into the room, picks up the remote, and mutes his television. He returns to the door and puts his hand on his sidearm instinctively.

He hears the quiet but growing WHINE of police sirens and slams the door closed.

INT. MOSES'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moses runs to the sink and grabs a smoldering joint. He tosses it in the toilet, flushes, grabs a baggy of weed on the counter, rolls it closed and tucks it in a drawer.

He turns back to the beds. Several porn magazines lay on the spare. The sirens are LOUDER now. He grabs them and shoves them under the mattress.

He opens the closet and puts his shirt back on, quickly gets it tucked in and buttoned. He clips his FBI badge on his hip and goes back to the front door.

EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Moses opens the door as Samantha's cruiser pulls into the parking lot, followed by a black van. She cuts off her siren and leaves the lights spinning.

Moses walks barefoot towards the car.

MOSES  
Not much for manners, are you?

SAMANTHA  
In case you are unaware, we had a dead woman found off Highway 64 this morning.

MOSES

So.

SAMANTHA

So, the Sequoyah County Sheriff's Office is not the FBI. We don't have a team of forensic folks to stick their pretty little flags in all the suspicious spots. We do the work ourselves, and since I have done my duty and delivered you your explosives. I will be on my way.

She turns and walks back to her car.

MOSES

Can I ask you something before you storm off into the night?

(she stops)

You hear any chatter about large quantities of crystal moving through the area, give me a shout.

SAMANTHA

We're asking favors of each other now?

Samantha gets back in her cruiser.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Samantha pulls away from the motel and flips off her blue lights as she speeds into the dark prairie.

She looks in her rearview at the fading light of the motel parking lot, shaking her head in disgust.

A vibrating TING-A-LING comes from inside her jacket pocket on the seat beside her. She looks at the clock on her dash, "12:46."

She digs into the jacket, looking for the phone, finds it, and flips it open. It's the number from before.

She denies the call and tosses the phone into the passenger floorboard. She slams down on the gas, revving the engine and SCREAMS into the windshield.

Her foot slowly eases off the gas, and she settles back into her seat.

She looks at herself in the rearview and fixes an out-of-place hair that's slipped free from under her hat.

The phone begins to vibrate and TING-A-LING from the floorboard. She looks in its direction with eyes that could kill.

EXT. SEQUOYAH COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT

Samantha's cruiser is the only vehicle in the paved lot. She stands at the door pulling on the handle, but it doesn't budge.

She takes a couple of steps away from the door, pulls her gun from its holster, and points it at the lock pulling back the hammer. It'd be so easy.

She uncocks the gun and puts it back in her holster.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Samantha hits send on her phone, calling back the number from earlier. The other end picks up midway through the first ring.

BART (V.O.)  
(in French)  
My love.  
(in English)  
I need to see you.

SAMANTHA  
Your office.

She flips the phone closed.

EXT. SEQUOYAH COUNTY MORGUE - LATER

A black luxury SUV is now parked next to Samantha's cruiser in the parking lot. Both cars are empty.

INT. BART'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The legs on Bart's desk slide and rock back and forth against the linoleum floor. A name placard, "DR. LAURENT" falls off of the desk.

DR. BART LAURENT(40s) lays on his back with both legs in the air. Samantha holds a gun under his bearded chin and pegs him with a strap-on, still fully dressed in uniform.

BART  
(in French)  
Yes! My God, you're a fucking dirty  
bitch.

Samantha speeds up, and Bart squirms in ecstasy. Samantha  
cocks the hammer of the gun.

BART (CONT'D)  
(in French)  
Yes, do it. Do it!

She pulls the trigger with a blank CLICK, and he orgasms.  
Samantha unstraps the dildo and tosses it on the desk beside  
him.

INT. MORGUE - LATER

Samantha stands over the body of the Woman, which lies naked  
on an examination table. She snaps a photo of her hands,  
feet, neck, face, etc.

Bart walks up from behind her and puts his arms around her  
waist. He attempts to kiss her on the neck, but Samantha  
elbows him the ribs.

SAMANTHA  
Get me a drink.

BART  
Oui, Lieutenant.

Bart goes to retrieve the drink.

SAMANTHA  
Cause of death?

BART (O.S.)  
The maxillary artery was severed  
and the blood poured down her  
throat causing her to suffocate.

SAMANTHA  
She drowned.

BART  
With a milligram of methamphetamine  
per liter in her system and an  
accelerated blood pressure, the  
incision would have caused severe  
blood loss.

He hands Samantha a glass of whiskey. He raises his glass.

BART (CONT'D)  
(in French)  
To your-

She drains the glass and snaps photos of the suture holding her face on her skull. Bart sips his whiskey.

SAMANTHA  
The stitching?

BART  
They used dental floss to suture the skin. Not a bad job really given the medium.

SAMANTHA  
What about here?

Samantha points to the Woman's swollen shut and bruised eye socket. The skin on the cheekbone is broken. She snaps some more photos.

BART  
Likely done before they removed the skin. Something used here other than fists. Notice the tear in the skin and elongated bruise on the left cheek.

SAMANTHA  
What about the items in the bag?

BART  
What bag?

SAMANTHA  
The plastic bag with the rags?

BART  
(in French)  
No clue.  
(in English)  
This is how she came to me.

She unstraps her camera and replaces the lens cap. Bart reaches out and gently touches her elbow.

Samantha swings around and grabs him by the throat.

SAMANTHA  
Don't ever touch me again.



BART  
(in French)  
You are so fucking sexy.

A smile stretches across Bart's face, and Samantha lets him go.

EXT. ROUTE 4490 - NIGHT

Samantha gets out of her cruiser and flips on her flashlight. A loose yellow ribbon of "POLICE LINE" tape whips in the wind. She ties it back onto a stake in the ground.

She swings her light left and right as she walks into the grass, retracing her steps. She finds the bag.

She clears the ground around the bag and gently pulls it free with her gloved hands. She pulls out her pen, moves the bloody rags around to see what else is inside.

At the bottom is a blood stained receipt, "OLD 64."

INT. SAMANTHA'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Samantha sits in the parking lot of the Old 64 Truckstop. She looks at the clock on the dash, "2:54." She opens her glove box and pulls out a blister pack of ephedrine.

She pops a pill from the pack and swallows it.

INT. OLD 64 TRUCKSTOP - CONTINUOUS

Darlene sees Samantha approaching from outside. She reaches under the counter and switches off the shower monitors.

Samantha comes into the store and approaches the counter.

SAMANTHA  
Evening.

DARLENE  
It is that.

SAMANTHA  
Was hoping you might be able to  
answer some questions for me.

DARLENE  
Mmmhmm.

SAMANTHA

I was wondering if you've seen a woman around, about five foot two, dark hair, brown eyes? She may have been wearing a red wig.

DARLENE

(shakes her head no)  
MmmmMmmm.

SAMANTHA

You typically here this time?

DARLENE

Late nights to early mornin's.

SAMANTHA

And the other shifts?

DARLENE

Have to ask them.

Samantha glances around the store and notices a camera mounted overhead.

SAMANTHA

How far back do you keep your surveillance?

DARLENE

Oh, that's just for looks.

SAMANTHA

Okay, well, thank you for your time. Mind if I walk around the property for a minute.

DARLENE

You're the law, do what you like.

Samantha drops a card on the counter.

SAMANTHA

In case you think of anything.

Darlene smiles and picks up the card as Samantha walks back outside. As soon as Samantha's clear, she tosses it in the trash.

EXT. OLD 64 TRUCKSTOP - CONTINUOUS

Samantha walks to the corner of the building and looks up the hill at the trailer park in the distance. The lights are off at Heather's place.

HEATHER (O.S.)

You the one always watchin' from  
across the highway over there?

Samantha turns around and sees Heather.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I don't sleep much, but I guess you  
knew that. What are you poking  
around here for anyway? You know  
what I do. If you were going to  
arrest me, you'd of done it  
already.

SAMANTHA

You friendly with anybody else like  
yourself?

Heather glances up towards her trailer.

HEATHER

No.

SAMANTHA

You sure?

HEATHER

What're you gettin' at?

SAMANTHA

You know a five-foot-two woman with  
dark hair, brown eyes, and last  
seen wearing a red wig? You might  
have seen her here around the lot  
amongst the trucks, like yourself.

HEATHER

What's that mean, last seen? She  
missing?

(Samantha doesn't answer)

Go to hell.

Heather turns to walk inside the truck stop, and Samantha follows.

SAMANTHA

She's dead, murdered. Found her  
this morning. I can't tell you in  
what condition but it was not good.

This stops Heather at the door.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Sure you didn't know her? She was a  
user, meth.

HEATHER

Aren't we all?

Heather goes inside the truck stop.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE/BULLPEN - NIGHT

Samantha walks through the dark office carrying the box with  
"LL" marked on the lid.

She opens the box, pulls out her camera, plugs it into her  
computer, and begins to download the photos. They flip across  
her screen as they load, lighting up her face in the dark.

She flips on a light over a copier. The fluorescents burn  
bright in the dark office. The lid comes off of the box, and  
she starts making copies of the files inside.

She stops on one file folder.

A young woman's bruised, dead face stares at her from a paper-  
clipped photo. Scanning down the sheet, she comes to the  
cause of death, asphyxia.

She runs her finger back up to the victim's description,  
"HAIR COLOR: BLACK." She pulls the picture free from the file  
and looks closer.

The victim's hair is black, but the last couple of inches  
have a red tint and there is one long bruise across her left  
cheek.

She finishes the copying, puts the files back in the box, and  
drops the copies in her desk drawer. She looks at the monitor  
where the progress bar inches closer to one hundred percent.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE/STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

The storage room door opens, and Samantha comes in carrying  
the box. She walks between two sets of shelves and puts the  
box on the floor.

She shoves it under the bottom shelf, back where she found it buried.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE/SHOWERS - CONTINUOUS

Samantha leans her head back into the warm steamy shower.

She stares at the porcelain tile walls and lets the water run over her.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE/BULLPEN - LATER

Samantha sits at her desk in the growing morning light coming in through the windows. Her computer monitor glows, showing a map of the county.

She moves her cursor across the map and drops a pin near Route 4490.

She zooms out with several clicks. Each click reveals more and more pins stretching east and west along Interstate 40.

She leans back in her chair and looks at the map. Her eyes slowly begin to close.

INT. HEATHER'S TRAILER - DAY

Heather watches Madeline sleeping in the dim morning light. She's nervous and scared.

She bends down and pulls the duffel from under the bed, and quietly walks into the living room.

She sits on the couch, pulls out one of the baggies from the duffel, and peels back the tape. She unrolls the bag and opens it.

She pulls out one of the crystals, holds it up to see its clarity. It goes into the end of her pipe.

She puts the pipe in her mouth and holds the lighter at the end, but she can't make her thumb run over the flint. Her hands shake, and a tear runs down her face.

MADELINE (O.S.)  
Heather, you up already?

Heather quickly reseals the baggie, shoves it in the duffel, and zips it. She puts the pipe in her pocket and wipes her face clean as Madeline comes into the living room.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
Coffee?

HEATHER  
Sure.

Madeline preps the coffee pot in the kitchenette.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
I think you should go today.

MADELINE  
You okay?

HEATHER  
Yeah, yeah. I just don't see any reason to wait. Sooner you get back, the sooner we can pretend to be Scrooge McDuck together.

Madeline doesn't get the reference.

HEATHER (CONT'D)  
Swimming in money with nothing but a top hat on. Did you get a hold of your contact last night?

MADELINE  
I did.

HEATHER  
And?

MADELINE  
He'll meet me. He sounded a little anxious. It's been a while since we've ...

HEATHER  
I know, I know. Look, I know how hard this is for you. Really.

Madeline puts a hand over Heather's.

MADELINE  
You're going to look great with a tan.

This brings a genuine smile to Heather's face.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE/BULLPEN - DAY

WHAM! Captain James slams Samantha's file drawer closed, and her bloodshot eyes snaps open.

SAMANTHA  
Captain?

CAPT. JAMES  
Didn't make any copies?

SAMANTHA  
Sir?

CAPT. JAMES  
The files. I see you put the box  
back.

Samantha looks at the drawer. She slides it open. It's empty.

SAMANTHA  
No sir. No copies.

Bandy walks up with a couple of cups of coffee. He hands one to Samantha.

BANDY  
Morning Lieutenant.

SAMANTHA  
Thanks.

Captain James takes the other cup from Bandy, who wasn't expecting to give up his own coffee.

CAPT. JAMES  
(to Samantha)  
Heard you ruffled that agent's  
feathers last night. He left you  
and Bandy out at that dimwit Mac  
Gibbons place?

SAMANTHA  
He did.

His stern face is a difficult read. Is she about to be scalded or rewarded?

CAPT. JAMES  
Feels good to stick it to those  
federal assholes, doesn't it?

Samantha nods.

BANDY

Sure does.

Captain James looks at Bandy with contempt for interrupting.

CAPT. JAMES

(to Samantha)

Be sure to get me the report on that this AM. Gotta major storm system coming through this week, and we're likely to see some real fireworks.

He leaves Samantha and Bandy alone.

BANDY

Hope he likes hazelnut creamer.

Bandy sits at his desk next to Samantha's with a sly grin. Samantha stares into her empty drawer. He opens his drawer and clears his throat. She looks over and sees the files.

BANDY (CONT'D)

Heard he was on a tear this morning. When I saw the box back, I thought you might have stashed some copies. Probably should have found a better place to store them though.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, not the best at hiding things, I guess.

Samantha clicks a button on her computer and gets started on her report. Bandy lingers over her a moment, expecting a thank you perhaps.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Anything else?

BANDY

You mind if I join you on your stakeout this morning?

SAMANTHA

How fast can you fill out an incident report?

Bandy looks confused for a moment, then realizes what he's being asked to do. Samantha stands up, and Bandy takes her place to get the report done.



EXT. HEATHER'S TRAILER - DAY

Madeline walks down the cinderblock steps from the trailer carrying the duffle. She wears her large sunglasses and has her hair wrapped up in a scarf again.

Heather leans against the trunk of Madeline's two-door coupe.

HEATHER

You look like a movie star.

MADELINE

Maybe one day I'll be one.

They kiss.

EXT. HIGHWAY 64 ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Samantha is in her usual spot on the side of the highway, watching Heather and Madeline kiss in the distance through her binoculars.

Bandy stands beside her watching through his own binoculars.

SAMANTHA

Looks like she's leaving.

BANDY

Think she's a customer?

They watch as Madeline caresses Heather's face as they kiss.

SAMANTHA

Not likely.

EXT. HEATHER'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

They separate.

HEATHER

Drive careful. Straight there and back.

MADELINE

You don't have to worry.

HEATHER

But I will.

Madeline gets in the car and puts the duffle bag on the seat beside her.

The car reverses out of the drive and pulls onto a dirt road heading down to the highway. Heather watches her love drive away.

EXT. HIGHWAY 64 ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Samantha lowers her binoculars.

SAMANTHA

Follow her.

Bandy nods as he watches the car pull onto the highway and head west.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Bandy! Now, before you lose her.

BANDY

Oh, right.

Bandy runs back to his cruiser, jumps in, and takes off after Madeline.

She looks back to the trailer. Heather's standing at her door with both middle fingers in the air.

EXT. HEATHER'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Heather jumps up and down, waving her middle fingers through the air.

HEATHER

You seeing this bitch!?

Heather slings her body around, trying to give a big fuck you with every fiber of her being. Samantha waves back at her.

Heather sees the other Sheriff's car turn and follow after Madeline.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit, shit, shit!

Heather runs towards the truck stop.

EXT. OLD 64 TRUCKSTOP - CONTINUOUS

Heather runs between the trucks in the lot. She clears the grass lot and runs towards the payphone hanging from the wall of the store.

She grabs the phone and fishes for change in her pocket when WHAM! She's shoved up against the wall. Her legs are kicked wide, and Moses is pressed up against her from behind.

HEATHER

You gotta pay for that, you fucker.

MOSES

I'm not here for your narrow ass.  
You were here yesterday morning,  
yes?

HEATHER

What of it?

MOSES

You saw me go in the bathroom with  
that duffle bag.

Heather knows she's caught.

HEATHER

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

Moses punches her in the kidney and spins her around on the wall. She tries to run free, but he grabs her by her long hair and slings her back against the wall.

That one hurt. She slides down the wall onto her bottom and looks up at Moses.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Please let me go.

MOSES

Shut up. I'm not buying the scared  
little girl act. What did you do  
with the bag?

HEATHER

Mister, I don't know what in the  
hell you're talking about.

He reaches into his jacket pocket, and Heather sees the gun in his holster.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Help! Gun! Help!

Moses drops to her level and puts his hand over her mouth.

MOSES

Shut up.  
 (shows her his badge)  
 Understand?  
 (she nods)  
 That bag you took was important,  
 and I need it back.

Heather's eyes brighten, and she begins to laugh. Moses is confused.

CLICK. Samantha stands several feet behind him with her gun drawn, hammer pulled back, and pointing at Moses' head. He turns, slowly raising his hands.

MOSES (CONT'D)

Lieutenant.

SAMANTHA

You want to explain to me why you  
 are assaulting this woman?

MOSES

She's a suspect.

HEATHER

Whatever, I-

SAMANTHA

(to Heather)  
 Shut up!

Samantha pulls the handcuffs free from her belt and tosses them at Heather.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Put those on.

HEATHER

But I didn't do nothing.

SAMANTHA

Now.

Heather picks up the cuffs and puts them on her wrists.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(to Moses)  
 Now you, remove your sidearm and do  
 it slowly where I can see.

Moses opens his jacket, exposing his gun. He reaches in with two fingers and pulls the pistol free.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Drop it and kick it over.

Moses complies, and Samantha picks up the gun and holsters her weapon.

She yanks the clip free from Moses' gun, pulls back on the extractor sending the chambered bullet into the air. She tosses the useless gun back to Moses.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Alright, now we can talk.

HEATHER  
This man assaulted-

SAMANTHA  
(to Heather)  
Shut up. I wasn't talking to you.

MOSES  
I told you I was working a drug case.

SAMANTHA  
No, you asked me to tell you if I heard anything.

MOSES  
Okay, well, I am working a drug case. She's the case.

SAMANTHA  
You said large quantities of product.

MOSES  
It is.

SAMANTHA  
I've been on her for over a month now, and I haven't seen any signs of use or dealing.

HEATHER  
That's because I'm clean, you assholes.

SAMANTHA  
(to Heather)  
Shut. Up.  
(to Moses)  
Where were you night before last?

MOSES  
That what this is?

SAMANTHA  
Not until you started assaulting  
prostitutes behind truck stops.

MOSES  
Tulsa.

SAMANTHA  
Can you prove it?

MOSES  
Sure. I mean, not right this  
second, but yeah. I can prove it.

SAMANTHA  
What about her?

MOSES  
Think she stole some evidence.

SAMANTHA  
Got any proof?

MOSES  
No.

Samantha tosses Heather the key to the cuffs.

SAMANTHA  
Take them off and leave them where  
you sit.

Heather removes the handcuffs.

MOSES  
I have to ask her a couple of  
questions.

SAMANTHA  
And you can, as soon as you get  
done answering mine. You kept me  
off my case yesterday, and I'm here  
to return the favor.

Heather stands back up.

HEATHER  
What now?

SAMANTHA  
Shower time, just like usual, I  
guess.

HEATHER  
I was about to make a phone call.

SAMANTHA  
Go ahead.

Heather looks at Samantha and Moses, who are obviously not going anywhere just yet.

HEATHER  
I'll do it later.

Heather walks around the building, leaving Samantha and Moses alone.

SAMANTHA  
You drink?

MOSES  
It's not even noon yet.

SAMANTHA  
Well, technically, I haven't gone  
to bed yet. So, what are the rules  
there?

MOSES  
Not sure there are any.

Samantha tosses Moses back his clip.

INT. CASINO BAR - DAY

Samantha and Moses sit in a corner booth. The bar is mostly empty except for a couple of CASINO PLAYERS drinking and gambling.

Samantha rubs her tired eyes as a WAITRESS comes to the table and drops off a whiskey for Samantha and gin for Moses.

MOSES  
Just going to drink that in here in  
uniform?

SAMANTHA  
I took the hat off, didn't I?

Moses raises his glass.

MOSES

Cheers.

Samantha obliges and puts her glass down. Moses sips his drink.

SAMANTHA

Not sure how you can stand that stuff. Tastes like rubbing alcohol to me.

MOSES

Yeah, but the smell doesn't linger on the breath.

SAMANTHA

I need your help.

MOSES

Okay.

SAMANTHA

I've strung together a series of cases that I think may be linked.

MOSES

Your prostitute from the other day? Pretty sick how you found her.  
(this surprises her)  
Cops talk, even county cops. The badge makes people open up.

SAMANTHA

That right?

MOSES

Well, most of the time.

SAMANTHA

Several of them are out of state, from Texas to Arkansas. Seem to follow I-40.

MOSES

All prostitutes, right?

SAMANTHA

Could be.

Moses leans in to Samantha.

MOSES

You think anybody really cares about a bunch of dead hookers?



SAMANTHA  
Murdered hookers.

MOSES  
Okay. What can the FBI do to help?

SAMANTHA  
Captain James won't give me  
authorization to reopen the cold  
cases. As long as they are closed,  
I can't form a full case.

MOSES  
Not sure what I can do there.

SAMANTHA  
Liaise me into a federal, multi-  
state investigation to track down a  
serial killer.

MOSES  
Jesus Christ, you are direct,  
aren't you?

SAMANTHA  
I've been told so.

MOSES  
I'm working this drug case right  
now, and-

SAMANTHA  
I'll help. I know everything coming  
and going about that truck stop for  
the past month. Whatever you need,  
I can find it.

Moses finishes his drink.

MOSES  
What is it that you think you can  
turn up that I haven't already  
found out?

SAMANTHA  
Was that duffle bag your looking  
for black with red strap handles?  
(his silence answers the  
question)  
I've got one of Sequoyah County's  
finest tailing it as we speak. Care  
to find out more?

Moses smiles and extends his hand.

MOSES

Welcome to the bureau.

Samantha shakes his hand and stands to leave.

MOSES (CONT'D)

You didn't touch your drink.

SAMANTHA

I don't drink while on duty. Just wanted to see if you did.

She turns and leaves. Moses watches her go laughing a little at how she handled him.

EXT. HIGHWAY 62 - DAY

A menacing supercell cloud rolls across the sky over the prairie grassland. Lightning flashes from the clouds, and a dull RUMBLE of thunder echos across the plain.

Madeline's two-door coupe speeds along the long black stretch of forgotten highway.

Sitting beside her on the seat, her phone shows five missed calls.

INT. BANDY'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Bandy sits parked, windshield wipers flipping back and forth in the rain. He takes a large bite of a cheese danish.

SAMANTHA (V.O.)

(from the radio)

Three-twelve this is seven-four-seven, where are you Bandy, over?

He chews quickly and swallows, accidentally dropping the danish in his lap, and getting cream cheese on his crotch.

BANDY

Fiddlesticks!

(into the handset)

Hey there Lieutenant, I'm sitting at the Sequoyah County line next to the Arkansas River. We got a real blower here, over.

He scoops the cream cheese off of his pants and licks it from his fingers.

## INT. SAMANTHA'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Samantha sits in the Casino parking lot inside her cruiser. Moses is in the passenger seat.

SAMANTHA

And where's the two-door, over?

BANDY (V.O.)

Looked to be headin' towards Oklahoma City, but I ain't authorized to go outta the county. So, I followed her as far as I could, over.

SAMANTHA

(to Moses)

Want him to pursue?

MOSES

No, I'm on it. You get some rest, look like you could use it. I'll be in touch.

Moses gets out and runs back towards his car.

SAMANTHA

(into the handset)

Well, turn around and get back home before the Captain finds out where you are.

BANDY (V.O.)

Ten-four Lieutenant. Bandy out. Oh, and Sam, thanks for trusting me to do this.

SAMANTHA

Okay Bandy, just get your ass back. I'm headed home. We'll catch up tomorrow, out.

She hangs up her handset and switches her radio off.

## INT. BANDY'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Bandy does a U-turn and heads back towards home. He checks his rearview mirror and sees the ominous clouds on the horizon.

BANDY

Sure wouldn't want to be driving through that mess, no sir-ee.

He shoves the last of the danish in his mouth and chews.

INT. MADELINE'S COUPE - CONTINUOUS

Madeline leans forward to see the storm above her through the windshield. The glint of sun on her face brightens her pale skin and red hair.

She flips on the radio and turns the dial, searching for a signal. Eventually, a robotic voice comes through the static.

RADIO

... Muskogee County, Sequoyah County, including the city of Oklahoma City and Fort Smith, Arkansas until 6:15PM Central Daylight Time. Weather Service Doppler radar indicated a severe thunderstorm capable of producing a tornado and winds in excess of seventy-five miles per hour.

She turns down the volume as a long BEEP screeches over the speakers.

She slows as she passes under a bridge, looks up at the underpass, and contemplates a stop. Probably not a great idea, so she moves on.

She picks up her phone and sees the missed calls. She calls the number back.

EXT. OLD 64 TRUCKSTOP - CONTINUOUS

The pay phone RINGS and Heather picks it up.

HEATHER

Maddy! Jesus, why didn't you answer?

INT. MADELINE'S COUPE - CONTINUOUS

Madeline drives with the phone to her ear.

MADELINE

Heather? Is that you? I can't hear you. The weather's terrible, I might come back and try tomorrow.

The phone line goes dead.

EXT. OLD 64 TRUCKSTOP - CONTINUOUS

Heather slams the phone back onto the cradle. She picks it back up and hits the payphone over and over again with the receiver.

Once she's exhausted her anger she drops the phone and reaches into her pocket. The pipe comes out.

She looks around the empty lot. She is alone.

Heather walks to the station bathroom and goes inside.

INT. MOSES'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Moses flies down the interstate, pushing the car as fast as it will go to catch up. He flips on his windshield wipers as the rain starts to patter on the glass.

EXT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - DAY

Rain clouds darken the neighborhood street as Samantha pulls into the drive of an unimpressive ranch-style home with a perfectly manicured lawn. She parks the car and gets out.

The sprinkler runs in the grass. She turns the faucet off and walks to the front door.

She puts her key in the door, but it opens before she can turn the lock.

MATTHEW HART(30s), Samantha's husband stands in the doorway. He's got chiseled good looks and towers over her small frame. He leans in for a kiss, but she avoids his lips and walks inside.

INT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Samantha falls to the floor, and she's tackled by a set of twin girls, KALIE & CHELSIE (7), both overly excited by their mother's return.

KALIE

Where have you been!

CHELSIE

Dad is SUPER pissed at you.

KALIE

Chelsie, you can't say pissed.

CHELSIE

You say it.

SAMANTHA

You two want pancakes for dinner?

KALIE

With bananas and chocolate chips?

SAMANTHA

You bet.

The girls hug their mom. Matthew stands behind them, arms crossed. Thunder ROLLS overhead.

INT. MADELINE'S COUPE - DAY

A strong gust blows against Madeline's car, and she fights the wheel to stay on the road. She drops the phone back on the seat as pea-sized hail begins to fall.

She turns on the windshield wipers and looks up again, searching for funnel clouds.

EXT. HIGHWAY 62 - CONTINUOUS

The car's tire drifts over the white line towards the shoulder.

INT. MADELINE'S COUPE - CONTINUOUS

Madeline's eyes are transfixed on the clouds when the car drops off the shoulder of the road. She jerks the wheel.

EXT. HIGHWAY 62 - CONTINUOUS

The car SCREECHES across the highway on the wet pavement, into the opposite lane, and down an embankment, disappearing from the road. Rain begins to fall.

INT. MADELINE'S COUPE - CONTINUOUS

CRACK! Madeline's head slams against the driver's side window as the car skids to a halt.

Blood trickles from her hairline. She pulls the scarf off and wipes the wound. Blood stains the fabric.

She pushes the gas, but it doesn't move. She shifts into reverse and tries again. Nothing.

She unlatches her belt and pulls on the door handle, but it's jammed. She shoves on the door with her shoulder, and it gives skidding to a stop in the mud. She squeezes herself through the opening.

EXT. HIGHWAY 62 DITCH - CONTINUOUS

Madeline gets out of the car and sees that her front bumper and tires are buried in the mud.

She walks around the car and grabs the duffle bag.

INT. MOSES'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Moses drives under a bridge and looks up into the storm clouds, as hail pelts his windshield.

His windshield wipers can barely keep up with the torrent of water falling out of the sky. He presses on faster anyway.

EXT. HIGHWAY 62 - CONTINUOUS

Madeline climbs the embankment as Moses' car flies past on the highway. She raises her hands and runs into the road trying to wave him down, but it's too late.

Behind her, near the overpass, another tractor-trailer approaches.

INT. TRACTOR TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

The Driver sees Madeline. She stands in the middle of the highway, holding the black duffle bag.

THE DRIVER (O.S.)  
I'll be damned.

He downshifts and slows the truck to a stop.

EXT. HIGHWAY 62 - CONTINUOUS

Madeline turns and sees the truck approaching. She waves as the truck slows.

She takes one last look towards Moses' car as it disappears into a gray wall of rain.

The truck stops across the highway, and she runs around to the passenger side. Her long, wet red hair whips in the wind as the door swings open.

THE DRIVER (O.S.)  
Freedom awaits inside, little lady.

She climbs into the cab of the truck, and the door slams shut.

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The truck pulls back onto the highway and drives off into the storm.

FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END**