

Crooked Edges

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

The hangar doors are wide open.

A Cessna airplane is fueled and ready to go.

Drug Kingpin YANCY SMITH (40s) sprints towards it.

He's exhausted with a prominent five o'clock shadow, wearing an expensive suit that he's slept in for several days.

A briefcase is in one hand, a foreign pistol in the other.

MASON (O.S.)
U.S. Marshals, hands up!

United States Marshal MASON BAXTER (40s) emerges from the darkness, a pistol aimed at Yancy.

Mason is tall, handsome, and athletically built.

YANCY
I got a million dollars in this.

MASON
That and everything else is now the official property of the United States Government, Mister Smith.

YANCY
I've got five million in cash and twice that in product inside.

ERICA (O.S.)
Drop the weapon, Smith.

Mason's partner ERICA WALKER (early 30s) emerges from outside the hangar, a pistol aimed at Yancy's head.

She's a classic American blonde, fierce and tough as nails.

MASON
What do you think of six million in cash to let him walk away?

ERICA
Can I make a counteroffer?

Yancy eyeballs Mason. His hand twitches.

YANCY

Fine.

Erica's eyes focus on Yancy.

ERICA

You surrender and we'll tell the
ADA that you cooperated fully.

Mason's eyes focus on Yancy. His breathing slows down.

MASON

I'd even say you showed remorse for
your actions.

Yancy looks around, searching for a way out.

YANCY

They're sending me to a Supermax.

MASON

If you give everyone up, maybe you
can get into WITSEC instead.

Mason and Yancy stare each other down.

ERICA

You can be a very alive convict or
a very dead fugitive.

Yancy looks at Erica and then Mason. He takes a deep breath,
his hand loosening up on his pistol.

MASON

I'm going to need you to--

Yancy quickly aims the pistol at Erica.

BANG!

Yancy hits the ground, dead.

Blood oozes out of a gunshot wound in his chest.

Erica looks and sees smoke coming out of Mason's pistol.

INT. HANGAR - LATER

A white sheet is over Yancy's corpse.

MEDICAL PERSONNEL and LAW ENFORCEMENT are all over.

U.S Marshal Special Agent in Charge TOM BREEN (50s) and Mason are far away, observing.

Tom is short, overweight, and has a receding hairline. He has a deep Southern accent and an evidence bag in his hands.

TOM
You're on desk duty until this is cleared, Mason.

Mason reaches into his holster and takes out his pistol. He hands it to Tom.

MASON
He pulled on her, Tom.

TOM
You know how this looks.

MASON
It was a clean shoot.

Tom places Mason's pistol in the bag.

TOM
What about you and Erica?

MASON
What about her and me?

TOM
They're going to ask if you've been dipping the pen in the company ink.

MASON
I'm almost offended.

TOM
Do you know how many reports I had to fill out after you had your little moment in Chicago? I do.

MASON
You've met Jenny, right?

TOM
She's her roommate, so what?

Mason shakes his head.

Tom gets it. He mutters an obscenity under his breath.

MASON
Katie would say "OK, boomer" to
that one.

TOM
How's she doing?

Mason's phone buzzes. He takes it out and looks at it.

MASON
Do you need me any longer?

TOM
Don't say a word to anyone until
the hearing, OK?

Mason nods and walks away.

INT. MASON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mason's daughter KATIE JENKINS (17) reads "The Great Gatsby"
on a couch. She's short with dyed hair.

Empty bags from a chain restaurant are on the floor, a mostly
eaten container on the table.

Mason walks in. His eyes spot the bags.

KATIE
Your Chicken Parm is in the fridge.

MASON
There are better places to eat than
a place like that.

She puts the book down.

KATIE
I texted you... like I did Friday.

Mason yawns.

MASON
Work ran late.

KATIE
It was this or sushi and you know
how I feel about *that*.

MASON
Sushi is everything you should love
about this country, dear.

KATIE

Raw fish and rice?

She notices his holster is empty.

MASON

Look at an all-you-can-eat sushi menu sometime. Most of it is stuff from Japan but half of it is made up of things you find wherever the chef landed in America.

KATIE

I figured a Green Bay Roll isn't something you find in Japan.

MASON

Think of how amazing that is. You come to this country and take all the great food here and make even more great food from it.

KATIE

I can't wait to leave.

MASON

I left Sturgeon Bay for Uncle Sam as soon as I could at your age.

KATIE

I thought it was because you and your dad hated each other.

MASON

That too.

KATIE

I started the next season of "The Admiral's Mistress" on Netflix.

MASON

I'll catch up on it tomorrow.

He walks to his bedroom.

KATIE

You said that two nights ago.

MASON

I promise I'll find the time.

Katie picks up her book.

Mason closes the door.

She looks around and takes her phone out. Her fingers quickly send out a text to a number labeled "Dr. Feelgood."

Katie: "You still out in Cali?"

Dr. Feelgood: "Usual place, usual price."

Kate: "Give me an hour."

Dr. Feelgood: "You got it."

FEELGOOD (TEXT)
You got it.

Katie puts the phone down and looks into her purse. She groans loudly and looks around.

Her eyes turn to Mason's door.

Katie watches as the lights turn off inside the bedroom.

INT. MASON'S BEDROOM - LATER

A load of clean laundry is in a basket by the bed.

Mason is passed out, snoring.

Mason's shirt is on the floor, exposing several older Army Ranger tattoos. His wallet and keys are on an end table.

The door creeps open slowly.

Katie peeks in. Her hand quickly grabs Mason's wallet. She opens it up, taking out a handful of cash.

Her hands quickly place it back where it was.

EXT. REAR OF LOCAL GAS STATION - NIGHT

A DRUG DEALER hangs out, looking in either direction.

Katie approaches him, Mason's cash in her hands.

The two quickly consummate a drug deal.

EXT. TEXAS BIKER BAR - NIGHT

"Breakers Motorcycle Club: Private Establishment" is prominent by the entrance.

Super: One year later

BIKERS and GROUPIES are partying their asses off.

Guns are scattered among the bikers.

Loud heavy metal music booms from inside the bar.

A row of badass Harley-Davidson motorcycles are parked up front. The handles of sawed-off shotguns peek out.

A black SUV is down the road from it, cloaked in darkness.

Mason is in the driver's seat, observing it through a pair of high-powered binoculars.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

The passenger side door opens up.

Erica gets in.

ERICA

Why don't you let a couple of the locals wait him out?

Mason puts the binoculars down.

MASON

That'd ruin the fun.

ERICA

I must not have gotten the memo that stakeouts are fun.

MASON

The best part of this job is doing fugitive retrieval. New places to visit, new places to eat--

ERICA

There are four restaurants in this entire county.

MASON

You loved the beer nuggets at that bar last night.

ERICA

Beer nuggets in jerkwater, Texas, isn't how I pictured my career in law enforcement going.

MASON

When you become Chief Deputy at some office, you'll tell everyone the great stories of being on the road with the legendary United States Marshal, Mason Baxter.

She rolls her eyes.

ERICA

I'd kill for a good salad, a glass of wine, and my wife right now.

MASON

You'll miss this when we retire.

Erica grabs the binoculars and looks at the bar.

ERICA

I think we should call it.

MASON

His story is a crooked edge and--

ERICA

(from memory)

Crooked edges need to be shaped into place, so follow the puzzle.

(puts the binoculars down)

We should go back to his mother's.

MASON

He'd know we're coming ten minutes before we get there.

Erica's hand reaches over for a file folder. She opens it up, revealing a photo of TRAVIS "RED" FELTON (40s).

He's a federal fugitive and ugly as hell.

ERICA

He's probably in the wind by now.

MASON

No way a patched-in member of the damn Breakers leaves without more than a handshake from the guys he's doing time for. He's here.

Erica presses a button on the walkie-talkie.

ERICA

This is Marshal Walker, over.

LOCAL COP (V.O.)
We're set up half a mile away on
both sides of the street.

ERICA
Is there any other way out?

LOCAL COP (V.O.)
Not unless you want to drive in the
dark through God knows what.

Mason puts the binoculars down. He opens the door.

MASON
Target is out in the open.

ERICA
Let's call in for backup.

MASON
I can bring him in without a full
tactical squad.

Erica grabs the walkie-talkie.

ERICA
There are twelve of them we can
see, probably double that inside.

Her fingers go to press a button.

Mason puts his hand on it.

MASON
We go in strong and it turns into a
blood bath. This way is cleaner.

ERICA
I'll be on your six with Bertha.

Mason taps his chest. He has a bulletproof vest on.

ERICA (CONT'D)
That won't stop a headshot.

MASON
Hopefully, they aim lower.

Mason nods and exits the SUV. He walks up to the bar.

EXT. SUV - NIGHT

Erica exits and walks to the back. Her hands quickly open the trunk. Her eyes wander through an ungodly amount of guns.

She pulls out a large caliber sniper rifle with a high-powered scope and a laser sight.

EXT. TEXAS BIKER BAR - NIGHT

Travis "Red" Felton is outside, smoking.

Mason makes a beeline to him.

MASON
Travis, is that you?

Red spots Mason.

Mason opens his jacket, exposing his badge.

Red spots it.

RED
We don't serve pigs here.

Red looks closer. His eyes focus on the words "Deputy U.S Marshal." He mouths a profanity.

Every single biker turns to Mason.

One of the groupies runs inside.

MASON
Your file is charming, I have to admit. I had to learn what on Earth the term "Smurfing" meant.

Mason looks at the Bikers. He spots a half dozen firearms.

RED
It's basic money laundering.

MASON
(to the rest of the bikers)
There's a tactical team ready to light this place up. I advised them that wouldn't be necessary.

A RANDOM BIKER (20s) walks up to Mason. He's tall, heavily tattooed, looks tough but isn't.

RANDOM BIKER

I suggest you leave before you get escorted out of town.

MASON

Did you see the badge, dumbass?

RANDOM BIKER

What badge?

Mason looks at the Biker and then at Red.

MASON

(to Red)

My boss told me I should try to do things peacefully. So I'm going to try that with your friend.

(to Random Biker)

Sir, I would kindly ask you to step aside so I can escort Red back--

The Biker mean mugs Mason.

Mason sighs.

MASON (CONT'D)

Left or right?

Pure fucking terror comes over the Random Biker's face.

THUMP!

Mason drops the Biker with a right.

The Biker is out cold.

The rest of the Breakers look at Mason menacingly.

Mason smiles. This is what he lives for.

MASON (CONT'D)

Anybody else?

A LARGE BIKER charges Mason.

Breakers President JACKSON "JAX" THYME walks out of the bar.

He's well over six feet tall, very large with an epic beard.

Mason and the Large Biker trade big punches.

WHAM!

Mason throws a front kick that lends flush on the Large Biker's jaw.

The Large Biker stumbles, dizzy.

Mason grabs a Muay Thai plum clinch on the Large Biker. He lands knees flush to the Biker's face.

The Large Biker falls to the ground, out cold.

WHAM!

Mason looks down and sees Red's boot connect with his crotch.

He lets out a scream of pain.

RED
Ain't so tough, are you?

MASON
(gasping for air)
You never hit someone in the balls.

Mason takes a deep breath.

WHAM!

Red punches Mason across the face.

Mason hits the ground.

WHAM!

Red kicks him in the ribs hard.

Mason groans in pain. He struggles back to his feet.

MASON (CONT'D)
I'm going to let this go instead of
adding "resisting arrest" to the
list of charges you're wanted for.

RED
I think you should walk away.

Red lines up and throws a kick at Mason.

Mason catches it.

RED (CONT'D)
Fuck.

Mason throws Red's leg down, moving his body closer to him.

Red watches in horror as Mason's elbow slams into his face.

WHAM!

Red hits the ground with a thud, his ribs breaking. Pain screams out of him.

Another Biker approaches Mason with bad intentions.

Mason motions for him to attack him.

This Biker throws wild, uncoordinated hooks at Mason.

Mason ducks and weaves, nothing coming close to hitting him.

THUMP!

The Biker eats an uppercut from Mason, flush. He falls to the ground, barely conscious.

Mason rubs his jaw for a moment.

Red gets back to his feet. He spits out some blood. His hands reach towards his lower back.

A red dot comes onto Red's chest.

Jax spots it. His eyes open wide.

JAX
(loudly)
Stand down!

Red looks around and then down. His eyes open wide.

MASON
Move that hand and it'll be the
last thing you do.

Red turns to Jax.

Jax nods.

Mason raises his arm and gives a thumbs up.

The red dot disappears.

MASON (CONT'D)
(to Red)
You know the drill, right?

Red turns to Jax.

Jax nods.

RED
I surrender, Marshal.

Red walks up to Mason.

Mason handcuffs Red. He grabs a small pistol out of Red's lower back and places it in his pocket.

MASON
You're a crooked edge, Travis.

The two walk to the SUV.

RED
A what?

Erica moves to the backseat doors. She opens one of them up.

They approach the open door of the SUV.

Mason carefully puts Red inside, closing the door behind him.

Erica tosses a napkin to Mason.

MASON
(to Erica)
Told you this would be cleaner.

Mason wipes his face off.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Mason and Erica get inside, Mason behind the wheel.

Erica grabs the walkie-talkie.

ERICA
This is Marshal Walker. Suspect is
in custody, proceeding to delivery.

LOCAL COP (V.O.)
Do you need an escort?

ERICA
We got it from here.

Mason starts the car and puts it into drive.

Red moans in pain.

RED
Can I get some Advil?

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Katie's eyes are bloodshot, her hands shaking. She looks down at her waist.

A small microphone by her belt is barely noticeable.

Katie takes it out, a wire extending down her pants. Her hands tie it back on, shoving the wire down.

She takes a burner phone out and pulls up her speed dial.

There's only one number in it. Her fingers press dial.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

An unmarked sedan is parked nearby.

A country road is in the distance.

Detective CHAD TOSH (30s) stands outside the car, his phone in his hands.

Chad is short, bald, and sleazy.

His phone rings with Katie's call.

DETECTIVE TOSH
Are you ready?

INTERCUT BETWEEN KATIE AND CHAD

KATIE
I don't want to do this.

DETECTIVE TOSH
You don't have a choice.

KATIE
He'll be there. Can't you just show up and arrest him?

DETECTIVE TOSH
I need it on tape. I need him talking about the deal.

KATIE
You could be there with us. I can vouch for you and--

DETECTIVE TOSH
Once the buy is done, and it's on
tape, then you can walk away.

KATIE
What if I don't want to do this?

DETECTIVE TOSH
Your charges come back.

KATIE
My dad--

DETECTIVE TOSH
He can't get you out of this.

Katie takes a deep breath.

KATIE
I'm going to be safe, right?

DETECTIVE TOSH
Absolutely.

Katie hangs up.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Everything is older and falling apart.

The place is empty sans Katie's boyfriend, CLARK ANDREWS
(19), standing by the dugout.

He's tall, thin, and tattooed all over. His eyes are
bloodshot, a lit cigarette in his hands.

A large Duffel bag is at his feet.

Katie walks up to him. Her eyes look all over, her hands
shake and her breathing is shallow and rapid.

CLARK
Relax, girl.

KATIE
After Milwaukee--

CLARK
We'll spot one of them a hundred
yards away, easy.

She looks around.

Meth dealer GEORGE SANDERSON (40s) walks up to the two.
He's average height and very overweight with a beard.
A faded flannel jacket is two sizes too big on him.
George looks at the two intently.

GEORGE
You know the drill.

Clark and Katie raise their hands.

George pats Clark down.

CLARK
Do you have to?

A cold sweat comes down Katie's brow.

GEORGE
It's his policy.

George pats Katie down.

KATIE
Where is he?

GEORGE
He'll be here.

George's hand stops. His eyes focus on it.

CLARK
You know she's clean.

George pulls a digital recording device off of her.

Katie freezes in fear.

EXT. SMALL TOWN ROAD - NIGHT

The baseball field is in the distance.

Gunshots ring out.

A car crashes.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Mason drives.

Red breathes. It's all pain.

RED

What the hell is a crooked edge?

ERICA

Our boss loves to say it. It sounds better out of his mouth, honestly.

MASON

Have you ever put a puzzle together and a piece just fits in too well? It happens when someone just can't make it fit, so they cut an edge in order to make it fit.

ERICA

It's a euphemism to look at the whole picture on a heuristic level, not just a single piece.

Red isn't following them.

MASON

The Breakers said you hadn't been around. Why lie when it would be easier for them to say you had already left town?

RED

That's a very good question.

MASON

It made me think if I was Travis "Red" Felton, where would I be? Two days later and here you are.

ERICA

(to Mason)

If I was tracking you back to Wisconsin, where would you be?

MASON

The Bar.

ERICA

Which one?

MASON

It's the name of a bar franchise once you get past Sheboygan.

(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)

Odds are I would probably go to The Bar back in Sturgeon Bay, see the old photos of me on the wall, and get a basket or two of their wings.

ERICA

That sounds quaint.

MASON

Very.

Red looks out the window.

RED

Where are you taking me?

MASON

A prisoner transport is waiting for you at DFW to escort you to a federal holding facility in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

RED

My kid's nearby. I didn't get a chance to say goodbye.

ERICA

You had plenty of time to drink.

RED

She'll be an adult when I'm able to hug her again.

MASON

As a parent, I empathize.

(beat)

I get mine for the summer. Each time she shows up it's like she's a brand-new person. I keep trying to get out to see her but people like you keep me busy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Photos of Katie and her mother ALMA (40s) are on the mantle. They're happy.

Alma has red hair and looks younger than she is.

A photo of Mason and Katie is nestled between them.

Alma sits on a couch, watching TV.

KNOCK KNOCK!

She walks to the door and opens it up.

SHERIFF NATE RACKETTS (40s) is on the other side.

Nate has a dad bod and a well-kept beard. His uniform is freshly pressed, a worried look on his face.

ALMA

Hey Nate. What's going on?

NATE

It's about Katie.

ALMA

She's out with Clark.

NATE

I don't know how to say this.
(deep breath)
Katie's gone.

Alma is stunned.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Mason sits in a chair.

Tom is across from him, behind an older desk. A report is in front of him.

TOM

A raid would've been easier.

MASON

We got him and no one died.

TOM

You broke three of his ribs.

MASON

He hit me in the nuts.

TOM

They subpoenaed your disciplinary file, Mason. Marquez about shit a chicken when he saw it.

Mason's phone rings. His eyes look at the Caller ID. It's Alma. He sends it to voicemail instantly.

TOM (CONT'D)

You'll probably be asked to take
some time off... soon.

(beat)

Katie's here next week, right?

MASON

Alma has been fighting it for no
real reason.

Mason's phone rings. It's Alma. He sends it to voicemail.

TOM

Katie's old enough that this might
be her final summer at home.

MASON

She'll be back after college.

TOM

You'd be surprised how much they
change after a semester.

Mason's phone rings. It's Alma, again.

MASON

Can't she just leave a voicemail?

TOM

I'm going to get a cup of coffee.
Do you want one?

MASON

Sure.

(answers the phone)

Hey Alma.

Tom stands up and walks towards the door.

Mason listens intently. His face turns white. He drops the
phone on the ground, tears streaming down his face.

Tom pauses and turns to Mason.

TOM

What's wrong?

Mason is inconsolable, breaking down.

EXT. US HIGHWAY 41 NORTH - NIGHT (SEVERAL DAYS LATER)

A rented Lexus drives north, passing the forests and rest
stops of rural Wisconsin.

INT. LEXUS - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Mason is behind the wheel. He pulls up Erica's speed dial up on his phone and calls her.

INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Erica watches the local news in bed.

A folder is on the nightstand. It has several news stories about Katie's murder. One states it was a drug deal gone bad.

Her phone buzzes with Mason's call.

She answers it.

ERICA

How's nowhere, Wisconsin?

INTERCUT BETWEEN ERICA AND TOM

MASON

The nearest airport is four hours away... AND my flight was delayed.

ERICA

How much did you miss?

MASON

Everything.

Silence.

ERICA

How are you doing?

MASON

This doesn't feel real.

ERICA

It gets better.

MASON

I hope so.

ERICA

I tried getting some info but the locals have this locked down.

MASON

That's how things work up there.

ERICA

The Milwaukee Journal-Sentinel said they found five keys of premium meth near the crime scene.

(beat)

You know what I'm going to ask.

MASON

Alma never said anything.

ERICA

Did you see anything last summer?

MASON

I was barely home.

Mason sees an exit for Sturgeon Bay.

ERICA

Did you search her room?

MASON

It was immaculate.

Silence.

ERICA

Maybe she just fell down a hole and didn't know how to get out.

MASON

None of this is right.

ERICA

This isn't your case.

Mason takes the exit for Sturgeon Bay.

MASON

It just feels--

ERICA

I know.

(beat)

Let the locals handle it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Folding tables with finger food are set up all over.

Alma sits on a couch, emotionally exhausted.

She's dressed in black.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Alma opens the door, revealing Mason.

ALMA
Hey Mason.

MASON
Hey Alma.

The two hug briefly.

Mason walks inside, Alma closing the door after him.

ALMA
I'm glad you came.

MASON
I would've been here for everything
but my flight got delayed.

ALMA
That's alright.

Both sit down.

MASON
I'll say goodbye to her tomorrow.

ALMA
We had her buried near your folks.

MASON
Thank you for that.

ALMA
I know your father would've
objected to it.

MASON
My mother wouldn't have.

Silence.

ALMA
How long are you here?

MASON
Day after tomorrow.

ALMA
Where are you staying?

MASON
I checked in at the Liberty.

Alma chuckles.

ALMA
We spent prom there.

MASON
I doubt it's changed since then.

ALMA
Neither has "The Bar."

MASON
If my dad never decided to change
his will, I don't think I'd ever
have come back here.

Mason looks at the mantle. His eyes focus on the picture of
him and his daughter.

ALMA
I'm cleaning her room out tomorrow.

MASON
I'll come by and help.

ALMA
You don't have to.

MASON
Has anything about this place
changed since I was last here?

ALMA
There's a Walmart on the edge of
town now, where Paradise Cove was.

Silence.

MASON
The Journal said it was a deal gone
bad. Someone said she was dealing.

ALMA
I buried her today, Mason.

MASON
I can't turn that part of me off.

ALMA
I wish you would.

MASON

The last time we talked for any length of time, it was about the nature of sushi. I don't see how that girl becomes Walter White.

Alma looks in either direction.

ALMA

Last month ago she went down to the city to see The Weekend with some friends at the Bradley Center.

(beat)

She and one of the boys were caught trying to buy some pot.

MASON

Why didn't you tell me this?

ALMA

The detective let her go, said he'd call it a "scared straight" sort of moment for her.

MASON

What was his name?

ALMA

I don't remember.

MASON

You should've let me know. I'm her father, I could've intervened as part of the Marshals Service.

ALMA

You were barely her father, Mason.

MASON

I helped bring her into this world.

ALMA

And her best memories are her being able to order any takeout she wanted to in a "real city."

Silence.

MASON

We should do this another time.

Both stand up.

ALMA
I'll see you tomorrow.

MASON
Call me if you need to talk, OK?

Alma nods.

Mason leaves.

INT. POOL HALL - DAY

The type of place people openly speculate exists only to launder drug money through.

VICTOR (30s) stands guard in front of an office.

He's well over six feet tall, muscular with tattoos all over.

Clark walks in and up to Victor.

CLARK
Is he in?

Victor knocks on the door twice.

The door opens, revealing George.

GEORGE
What do you want?

CLARK
I need a minute.

George looks at Victor and nods.

Clark walks in.

The door closes behind them.

INT. LEXUS - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Boarded-up small businesses and packed bars whiz past.

Mason is behind the wheel. He pulls up Tom on his speed dial.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tom stares at paperwork.

His cell phone rings with a call from Mason.

TOM
How are you feeling?

MASON (V.O.)
I forgot how small this town is.

INTERCUT BETWEEN TOM AND MASON

TOM
I'm not letting you come back to work early, Mason. You have been given two weeks to grieve and I expect you to use every single minute you are provided.

MASON
I need a favor.

TOM
Now what did I just say?

MASON
It's about Katie.

Tom turns to his laptop.

TOM
If it keeps you there, sure.

MASON
I need you to look up an arrest in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Tom's eyes turn to a photo of him with his DAUGHTERS.

TOM
If anyone asks, understand?

Mason nods.

Tom pulls up an arrest database.

MASON
She's most likely listed under Katherine Amanda Jenkins.

Tom types it in. Nothing.

TOM
I don't see anything.

MASON
Try Jenkins-Baxter.

Tom types it in. Nothing.

TOM

It's not there. Maybe it was filed under just Baxter?

MASON

Alma would never let that happen.

Tom types it in. Nothing.

TOM

Same result.

(beat)

What was she arrested for?

MASON

Possession. Alma says they didn't charge her, either.

TOM

They'd have to log the arrest.

(beat)

Maybe she got the city wrong.

MASON

She said the Bradley Center in "the city." That's Milwaukee.

(beat)

I should've been the first call when she got arrested.

TOM

Maybe they didn't know.

MASON

I got a call from Milwaukee PD when she got pulled over two years ago for driving without a license.

TOM

Katie might not have used your name this time.

MASON

Any half-decent detective would've pulled her file and seen my name.

TOM

Do you think she was somebody's informant, Mason?

MASON

They'd have called me if she was a snitch.

TOM

Remember Theo Van Austin? He's out that way now and owes me.

Mason sees the Sturgeon Bay Sheriff's office.

MASON

Thanks, Tom.

Both men hang up.

Mason pulls into the Sheriff's parking lot.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Small, dingy.

Clark looks around.

GEORGE

You shouldn't be here.

CLARK

Deputies came to my mom's house looking for me. She said I wasn't home but I heard them.

GEORGE

You should've told them to fuck off yourself, like I did.

CLARK

They threatened--

GEORGE

If they had anything you would be in cuffs right now.

CLARK

They said they'd keep coming back--

GEORGE

When they do, you invoke your right to counsel and then your right to silence. You keep saying that until your lawyer shows up. Understand?

Clark nods.

CLARK
I didn't know about her.

GEORGE
He believed you. I'm not so sure if
I believe you, though.
(glares at Clark
menacingly)
You owe me for the package.

CLARK
We could've taken it with us.

GEORGE
People don't care about dead
dealers, Clark.

Clark gulps, intimidated.

CLARK
I've got some leftovers from the
last run we had.

GEORGE
I hope it's enough.

CLARK
What if it isn't?

GEORGE
Pray it is.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Deputy OSCAR SMITH (20s) is at the front desk, half asleep.
He's short with a crew cut.

Mason walks in and looks around.

NATE (O.S.)
While I'll be a monkey's bare-assed
uncle. If that ain't Mason Baxter.

Nate emerges from his office.

Oscar wakes up and looks around.

Mason and Nate approach each other.

MASON
Where's Sheriff Thompson?

NATE

He resigned due to health issues six months ago. The people chose me in the runoff election.

The two men hug.

NATE (CONT'D)

(turns to deputy)

Oscar Smith, this is U.S Marshal Mason Baxter.

NATE (CONT'D)

When you were a glint in your father's eyes, Mason and I were winning state titles at East.

OSCAR

There's an East?

NATE

Sturgeon Bay's changed a lot.

MASON

That makes me feel old.

NATE

I'm sorry about Katie.

MASON

Thank you.

(beat)

Can we get a minute alone?

NATE

Absolutely.

Mason and Nate walk into Nate's office.

INT. NATE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A large deer's head is mounted on the wall.

Photos of Nate's FAMILY, as well as a younger Nate and Mason from various high school sports, are on his desk.

Mason looks at the deer's head.

NATE

I took that two summers ago.

MASON

I haven't been in a stand since it was me, you and Wayne Brand--

NATE

On spring break, junior year.

MASON

I remember Wayne brought that bottle of Bourbon with him.

NATE

I remember you trying to shoot after four slugs off it.

MASON

Are you friends with him on Facebook, by chance?

NATE

You know you can unfollow people on that, right?

MASON

We grew up together and the guy on there isn't him.

NATE

He changed, Mason. Happens to the best of us.

MASON

It's weird hearing him rant and rave like that.

NATE

He's just blowing off steam.

MASON

How's Valerie?

NATE

Another month of treatment and they think it might be over.

MASON

I prayed for her.

NATE

Thank you.

Mason looks around.

MASON

Your father and mine could not have expected this to happen.

NATE

When I was a young deputy I had to go roust them at the M.C over some penny-ante bullshit they did. It was strange walking into the Breakers club in uniform.

(beat)

I missed you at the funeral.

MASON

Flight delays.

NATE

I was about to wrap up and get a drink at The Bar. Join me.

MASON

I want to see the file.

NATE

It's an active investigation. You know everything else I'm going to say, too, so don't act as if this is all somehow new to you.

MASON

What if it was Valerie?

NATE

I'd look at the person looking into it and trust their judgment.

MASON

We're not civilians.

NATE

We're not above the rules, either.

MASON

I'll owe you a favor. A favor from the Marshals means something, too.

Nate thinks for a long moment. He looks at a photo on his desk of him and his daughter VALERIE (16). His hands reach into his desk, taking out a small bottle of Bourbon.

NATE

If anyone asks--

MASON
This didn't happen.

Nate takes a slug off it and hands it to Mason

NATE
Good,

Mason takes a drink. He looks at the bottle.

MASON
Your taste in Bourbon is worse than
my father's.

Nate opens a drawer and takes out a file. He places it in
front of Mason.

NATE
The only liquor store with a decent
selection is two hours away.

MASON
Good to see some things are still
the same around here.

Mason opens up the folder. Crime scene photos are paper
clipped to the edge.

NATE
The gun wasn't at the scene.

MASON
Walk me through it.

NATE
The best guess we have so far is
she and an accomplice were doing a
deal with someone.

Mason grabs a photo of the scene and looks at it.

MASON
Who was with her?

NATE
I don't know. We can't find her
boyfriend. He's my guess.

MASON
She didn't have a boyfriend.

NATE
Whoever it was ran into the forest.

Mason puts it down.

MASON
Anything there?

NATE
You know those woods. I could drop
a tank into there and you wouldn't
find it for a generation.

MASON
Who called it in?

NATE
Old man Hammer.

Mason pulls up a coroner's report.

MASON
What about the bullet?

NATE
Ed pulled a slug from a thirty-
eight out of her head.

MASON
I have some contacts at the FBI.

NATE
It pancaked inside her skull.

MASON
What about the Meth? Someone around
here has to run it.

Mason closes the folder.

NATE
The Breakers alibied out.

MASON
Conveniently.

NATE
It was enough for distribution.

Mason takes another swig off the bottle. He hands it back.

MASON
Is it true?

NATE
You don't want to have this talk
about her, Mason.

MASON

Why not?

NATE

Katie wasn't an angel and her rap sheet paints a rough picture.

MASON

We weren't either and we turned out pretty good, right?

NATE

We raised a little hell. She did a lot more than that.

MASON

How much?

Nate takes a long swig.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Everything is several decades old and faded.

Mason lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. He grabs his phone and pulls up Erica on his speed dial.

INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Erica watches local news. Her phone rings with Mason's call.

ERICA

I had to do prison transport with Frank today because of you.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ERICA AND MASON

Mason makes fart noises.

Erica rolls her eyes.

MASON

It's his love of Jalapeño poppers and refried beans.

ERICA

How are you doing?

MASON

The more I find out about her, the more this doesn't feel right.

ERICA

What's wrong?

MASON

A couple of things aren't adding up like I thought they would.

(beat)

You ever hear of a detective not filing an arrest report?

ERICA

That is weird, not going to lie.

MASON

I want to see if there was anything that wasn't in the papers.

ERICA

I'm going to chalk this up to the grieving process.

MASON

If she was arrested, and Alma swears she was, then why isn't there a record of it?

ERICA

They might've seen your ex and given Katie a pass. A girl from a small town, you know.

MASON

There'd be an arrest report, even if it's a catch-and-release.

ERICA

Even on your kid?

MASON

I'd have to go to Tom to pull that off, and even then I'm not sure.

ERICA

Are you sure you want to go down this rabbit hole, Alice?

Silence.

MASON

I'm probably overthinking this.

ERICA

Probably.
 (beat)
 It's late.

MASON

Say hi to the misses for me.

ERICA

Will do.

Both hang up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mason looks at the walls for a while. He gets up and leaves.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Police tape cordons off a crime scene.

The outline of a body is spray-painted on the ground.

Mason walks up and looks around. His eyes focus on the outline of Katie's body.

MASON

You deserved better than this.

Mason looks around. His eyes focus on the forest.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Mason looks around.

MASON

You could lose a tank in here for--
 (looks at a tree)
 --a generation.

His eyes focus on the tree. Some of the bark has been damaged. He takes out a small pocket knife and cuts it off.

A bullet is inside it.

Mason takes his phone out. He takes a picture of it. His eyes look around.

Something catches his eye on the ground.

He moves several pieces of brush off the ground.

A piece of a car's rearview mirror is underneath it.

Mason takes a picture of it. He pulls up his speed dial and looks up the number for the sheriff's office. He calls it.

MASON (CONT'D)

This is U.S. Marshal Mason Baxter.

I need to speak to the Sheriff.

(beat)

I found something in the forest.

(beat)

I'll be here.

EXT. DEEPER INTO FOREST - NIGHT

Mason looks around. Some tire tracks lead into a field.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Mason looks around. His eyes wander around. He spots a burned-out sedan wrapped around a tree.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

A full evidence team works on the sedan.

The trunk is open, revealing a burned body.

NATE

Can I get a word, Mason?

Mason nods.

The two men walk into the distance.

MASON

Did you get the VIN?

NATE

I'm going to run it as soon as I get back to the office.

MASON

I'll call a friend of mine who can expedite DNA and dental on the corpse for you.

NATE

I need you to step away, Mason.

MASON

Let me use the weight of the Marshals' office to help you out.

NATE

You've done enough.

MASON

I've got grieving time. I bet my boss wouldn't mind if I provided some additional manpower, too.

NATE

I had a search team ready for the day after next on this.

MASON

I saved you time and money.

NATE

I'm going to have to file a report about how this happened.

MASON

So?

NATE

So explaining that the father of the victim is conducting his own investigation is difficult, OK?

MASON

I'm not just that.

NATE

That's the only thing you can be right now, Mason.

MASON

I won't get in your way.

NATE

When does your flight leave?

MASON

Day after tomorrow.

NATE

I'm asking you, nicely as a courtesy, to be on it.

MASON

She was my daughter.

NATE

And if it was my daughter, I would expect you to have this chat with me in the same manner.

(beat)

This isn't healthy.

MASON

What would be healthier?

NATE

Grieve. Have a drink or five. Do something besides interfere with an active investigation, please.

MASON

OK.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Every bottle behind the bar is plastic and cheap.

No one is in there except for the bartender JESSE (40s).

He's a mountain of a man.

Mason walks in and sits at the bar.

Jesse walks over.

MASON

I'll have a glass of Jack, on the rocks. Leave the bottle.

Jesse pours the drink and places the bottle in front of him.

Mason puts his badge on the counter.

Jesse looks at the badge and gulps.

JESSE

I don't want any trouble.

MASON

I'm looking for someone.

JESSE

There's a lot of people around here, Marshal.

MASON

If they had... issues of a chemical variety, where would they go?

Jesse looks in either direction.

MASON (CONT'D)
This is between us, no records.

JESSE
MacArthur Park. Watch the benches
long enough and you'll find what
you're looking for.

EXT. REAR OF GAS STATION - DAY

Clark looks around as a JUNKIE walks up to him

JUNKIE
Are you holding?

Clark nods.

The Junkie hands him a fistful of bills.

Clark hands him three baggies of Meth.

The Junkie looks at him oddly.

CLARK
It's a clearance sale.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The playground is older and falling apart.

Mason stands by a large tree. His eyes are focused on a pair
of benches, his phone snug up against his ear.

A JUNKIE (male, early 20s) sits down on one of them.

MASON
Bartenders are the best.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

MARSHALS are all over, working.

Erica sits at a desk, filling out a report. She looks up for
a moment, her eyes glancing at an older photo of her and her
wife JENNY (30s). A hint of a smile comes out.

ERICA
Oh no.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ERICA AND MASON

MASON

I need permission to do something.

The Junkie scratches his arms.

ERICA

Then I can transfer you to Tom.

A CRACK DEALER (late 20s, male) walks up to the Junkie. He sits down next to the junkie.

MASON

He pointed me in a direction. I need to know if I should take it.

The Junkie and the Crack Dealer quickly make a drug deal.

ERICA

In situations like these, I ask myself "What would Tom say?"

MASON

What if it was Jenny?

Erica stares at the picture. She nods.

ERICA

I would find the bastard who did it and introduce him to Satan himself.

The Junkie walks away.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Mason's eyes closely follow the Crack Dealer.

MASON

I'll see you when I get back.

Mason hangs up and follows him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Crack Dealer walks down the street and into a house that's been condemned.

Mason watches him in the distance.

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY

Mason walks up to the front door and knocks on it.

The Crack Dealer answers.

CRACK DEALER
Can I help you?

MASON
Are you holding?

The Crack Dealer looks Mason up and down.

CRACK DEALER
Not for a cop.

MASON
U.S. Marshal.

CRACK DEALER
Either or, brother.

The Crack Dealer slams the door in Mason's face.

Mason is good and pissed. He knocks again. His eyes focus on the door handle.

It begins to turn.

WHAM!

Mason front kicks the door, sending it backward.

The Crack Dealer hits the ground behind it with a thud.

INT. CRACK HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everything is old, stained, and falling apart.

Mason bursts through the door. His eyes look around.

MASON
I wanted to do this the easy way.

The Crack Dealer moans in pain.

Mason picks him off the ground.

CRACK DEALER
I've got fifty bucks, man.

Mason reaches into the Dealer's pockets. He pulls out some cash and several vials of crack cocaine.

Mason's hands toss everything onto the ground, his feet stomping the vials with authority.

MASON

Do you have any meth?

CRACK DEALER

I don't deal with that.

MASON

Who would?

CRACK DEALER

I got her number, OK?

The Crack Dealer takes his phone out. He quickly pulls up a number marked "KJ." His fingers press dial.

It quickly goes to voicemail.

Mason takes it out of his hands.

KATIE (V.O.)

This is Katie. Leave me a message.

The phone falls out of Mason's hand.

Mason is stunned.

CRACK DEALER

What the hell is wrong with you?

Mason snaps out of it and walks out of the house.

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY

Mason walks out aimlessly. His hands take his cell phone out.

His fingers dial Alma.

ALMA (V.O.)

Hey, I was--

MASON

Would you mind if I drop in?

ALMA (V.O.)

Feel free.

Mason hangs up.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

George reaches into his desk and pulls out his flip phone. He calls the last number on it.

GEORGE

Hey boss.

(beat)

I think we need to cut our loose thread from that night.

(beat)

He came here, freaking out.

(beat)

He'll talk. Let me--

(beat)

Understood.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alma and Mason sit on opposite couches.

Cold beers are in front of them.

ALMA

It just sank in this morning. All week I'd been dealing with all of the arrangements and now... now all I have is a place to visit.

MASON

It feels like it was just yesterday I was meeting her for the first time. I couldn't believe it.

ALMA

Neither could I.

They both take long drinks.

MASON

No one believed that I could make something like her.

ALMA

As soon as I saw her face, I knew she was yours. She had your eyes.

MASON

Thank God she got everything else from you, I'm not going to lie.

ALMA

You'd make an ugly woman.

They both chuckle.

MASON

My curiosity got the best of me.

ALMA

Oh no.

MASON

I haven't heard that in a long time, Alma.

ALMA

Anytime you talk about being curious it always ends badly for somebody, Mason.

MASON

I went to MacArthur Park and chased down one of the locals.

ALMA

Did you hurt him?

MASON

He'll live.

ALMA

Someone will call Nate.

MASON

Not these kind of people.

ALMA

What did he say?

MASON

I had him call someone who could get me some meth.

(beat)

It was her voice on the other end.

ALMA

They always say on the news that they didn't see it. I always laughed... and then it happened to me. Life is charming sometimes.

MASON

I didn't see it, either, and I am the one who should've.

ALMA

Katie went from wanting to go to college to cutting class every week. She quit her job... I just thought it was a phase.

MASON

She was always fine with me.

ALMA

Did you ever spend more money than you think?

MASON

I took her out to dinner a lot. I figured it was just me not keeping track of what I spent.

ALMA

Do you remember Rachel Hammer?

MASON

Vaguely.

ALMA

Rachel's daughter Winona said Katie broke into her locker but I didn't believe she'd be the type.

MASON

Did you ever search her room?

ALMA

I trusted her.

INT. KATIE'S ROOM - DAY

A large dresser and a small bed dominate the room.

Mason walks in, Alma right behind him.

ALMA

Mason, please--

He turns to her. She's noticeably scared.

MASON

Stay out of my way.

Mason goes through her drawers, tossing clothes aside. He tosses her mattress off the box spring. Nothing's underneath.

ALMA
This is my home.

Mason flips the frame and box spring on its side. His eyes spot something on the floor.

MASON
There could be something in there
that leads us to her killer.

ALMA
I know you're upset but--

MASON
Get me a carpet knife.

ALMA
Excuse me?

Mason moves closer to a spot on the floor. He grabs a piece of the carpet and yanks on it.

It comes off the ground, revealing a small box.

Mason takes the box out and opens it up.

A small laptop, a large bag of crystal meth, and a sealed zip-lock bag of cash are inside.

MASON
Oh, no.
(turns to Alma)
Call the Sheriff's office. This is
evidence in a murder case.

Mason's phone buzzes with a call from Tom. He sends it straight to voicemail.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom hangs up his cell phone. He looks outside and sees Erica.

TOM
Walker, may I have a word?

Erica walks into his office.

ERICA
What do you need?

TOM
Travis "Red" Felton.

ERICA
It was a clean collar.

Tom doesn't believe her.

ERICA (CONT'D)
Clean...ish.

TOM
They're letting him walk because of
how he was brought in.

ERICA
He was a fugitive and--

TOM
If it was anything but a low level
of money laundering, Marquez
would've held his ground.
(beat)
How's Mason doing?

ERICA
He's going through the grieving
process... in his own way.

TOM
I just called and got his
voicemail. That never happens.

ERICA
Maybe he's enjoying the sights of
Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin?

Tom rolls his eyes.

EXT. ALMA'S HOME - LATER

Two Sheriff's vehicles are in front of the home.

Oscar walks towards one, the box in his hands.

Nate and Mason walk outside.

NATE
Thanks for the heads up.

MASON
By chance... have you talked to--

NATE
Come on, you know I can't answer
that question.

MASON
Give me a name. Any name.

NATE
Let me do my job, Mason.

Nate walks to the other sheriff's vehicle.

Alma walks outside.

MASON
Nate said that she had a boyfriend.

ALMA
I caught him sneaking out of her
room one morning.

MASON
Jesus.

ALMA
She's old enough that I treated her
like an adult.

MASON
There was nothing on her Facebook.

The Sheriff's vehicles drive away.

ALMA
Do you know who he reminds me of?
(beat)
Arnold Wilson.

MASON
He used to hang out behind the gas
station, way back when.

ALMA
It's called the Oxy Alley now.

MASON
What's he look like?

ALMA
Like a scumbag.

MASON
What's his name?

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Tom grabs a file folder and opens it up. His eyes spot a line and he signs it.

TOM
He called me about Katie.

ERICA
It doesn't sound right, Tom.

TOM
Theo didn't find anything.

Tom hands Erica the folder.

ERICA
Mason was insistent.

TOM
He's a dog off his leash and I'm
worried he's going to bite someone.

Erica looks at the folder. Paperwork for a prison transfer is inside it.

ERICA
Again?

TOM
Frank needs help and everyone else
is booked.

ERICA
Please?

Tom shakes his head no.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

A GAS STATION CLERK is behind the counter, staring at a small television on the wall. A bad movie is on.

Mason walks in and strides right to the counter. He slams his Marshal's badge on it.

The Gas Station Clerk is startled.

MASON
I'm looking for a scumbag.

GAS STATION CLERK
There's one out back.

Mason grabs his badge and walks into the rear exit.
The Gas Station Clerk turns back to the television.

EXT. REAR OF GAS STATION - DAY

Clark leans against the wall.

Mason walks outside and straight to him.

MASON
Someone said you're Clark Andrews.

CLARK
Who asked?

Mason looks him up and down.

MASON
She was right. You do look like a
scumbag. A big one, too.

CLARK
You don't get to insult me at my
place of business.

MASON
Katie Jenkins.

CLARK
She was a one-night stand, so what?

Mason shows Clark his badge.

Clark is scared shitless.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Do you want a play-by-play or a--

Mason drops him with a BOMB of a right hand.

Clark groans in pain. He stumbles back to his feet.

CLARK (CONT'D)
You can't do that!

MASON
Lie to me again and I swear to
Christ it will get worse.

CLARK
I'm going to invoke my right to--

WHAM!

Mason drops him with another right.

Clark hits the ground with a thump. He looks up and sees Mason's badge.

CLARK

There are rules against this!

Mason kicks Clark in the stomach as hard as he can.

Clark moans in pain.

MASON

You're going to tell me everything about that deal that went sideways.

Mason kicks him again.

CLARK

I don't know anything, I swear.

The Gas Station Clerk sprints outside.

Mason stares the Clerk down.

The Gas Station Clerk sprints back inside.

MASON

You must like getting hit.

CLARK

I'll tell you what you want to know if you just don't hit me again.

MASON

Why she was there?

Clark looks away.

Mason motions to kick him.

Clark recoils.

CLARK

Please don't make me do this.

MASON

I found her stash.

CLARK

It wasn't mine.

MASON

So far we're doing this the easy way. Do you want to find out what the hard way looks like?

Clark nods.

CLARK

She was my partner, OK?

Mason kicks him again.

MASON

That's for lying to me.

CLARK

We had a big shipment to sell and... fuck. He'll kill me.

Mason takes his pistol out and places it flush against Clark's head.

MASON

I'll kill you.

CLARK

You can't do that!

MASON

Want to find out?

Mason pulls the hammer back.

CLARK

Please, God, no.

MASON

Then you're going to tell me everything I need to know.

CLARK

Please, I can't.

Mason takes a deep breath. His eyes focus on his pistol.

CLARK (CONT'D)

George. He runs the pool hall.

MASON

Thank you.

Mason holsters his pistol and walks away.

Clark cries in pain.

INT. NATE'S OFFICE - DAY

Nate types on his laptop.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Oscar walks in.

NATE

Have you ordered lunch yet?

OSCAR

Jimmy, at the gas station, called. A dealer was assaulted by someone with a badge. He was a white male, six feet tall and--

NATE

(under his breath)
God-damn it.

NATE (CONT'D)

(normal voice)
Who's out on the road?

OSCAR

Brandon and Alex worked a double yesterday so... nobody?

NATE

Stay on the radio.
(grabs his hat)
I'll go over and see what's happening. If it is who I think it is... I'll call you.

Nate sprints out of the room.

INT. POOL HALL - DAY

Victor sits in a chair, standing guard.

Mason walks in and looks around. His eyes spot Victor.

MASON

You wouldn't happen to be George, would you? I was told he worked here by a good friend.

VICTOR

Never heard of him.

Mason takes out his badge and holds it up.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Doesn't change that, Marshal.

MASON
Would you mind if I looked around,
to make sure?

Victor looks down and sees Mason's hands. They're bruised up.

VICTOR
Do you have a warrant?

MASON
Nope.

VICTOR
Then I'm going to ask you to leave,
kindly, then. Officer.

Victor cracks his knuckles.

MASON
Afraid I can't do that.

Mason smiles.

VICTOR
Seems like we're at an impasse.

MASON
If you could give me George's phone
number, I'll be on my way.

Victor rolls his head around.

VICTOR
He doesn't have one.

MASON
I can't take no for an answer.

VICTOR
I insist.

Mason takes his jacket off and puts it on a table. He rolls his sleeves up.

MASON
I don't have all day.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

George watches a movie on his laptop.

THUD!

The door rattles.

George walks over and opens it up.

INT. POOL HALL - DAY

Mason is tossed over one of the pool tables.

Victor's face is busted wide open, his nose broken.

George looks around.

Victor turns and sees him.

VICTOR
I got it, boss.

Victor turns around and--

WHAM!

Mason hits him across the face with a pool cue.

The cue shatters into a million pieces.

Victor stumbles.

Mason's face is equally bruised and busted open. He throws a kick at Victor's head.

Victor catches Mason's foot. He smiles.

WHACK!

Mason launches his other foot backward, catching Victor flush on the jaw.

Victor hits the ground with a thud. He's out cold.

George turns and sees Mason.

Mason's face is bruised, blood coming out of his mouth.

MASON
Hi George.

George sees Mason's badge.

MASON (CONT'D)
Clark says hi.

Victor wakes up. He stirs.

Mason kicks him in the face, putting him out again.

GEORGE

Who?

Mason punches George in the face as hard as he can.

MASON

Katie Jenkins.

George hits the ground like a sack of potatoes.

GEORGE

Is she someone I should know or--

Mason picks George up and slams him against the wall.

MASON

I don't like when it people lie to me, George.

GEORGE

I'm telling you the truth, swear to Christ. I don't know anything.

MASON

Clark's a dealer. You're his boss.

GEORGE

I'm just a small business owner--

Mason punches George in the stomach.

George falls to the floor, moaning in pain.

EXT. POOL HALL - DAY

A sheriff's vehicle pulls up and parks nearby.

Nate exits and looks around.

George is tossed through the window and lands on the ground, hard. His face is all sorts of fucked up.

The door is kicked open.

Mason walks out, pure rage all over his face.

Nate pulls his pistol out and aims it at Mason.

NATE

Mason.

Mason looks and sees Nate. His eyes focus on the barrel of the gun. He curses under his breath.

MASON

Nate.

Mason raises his hands.

Nate takes out a pair of handcuffs. He tosses them to Mason.

NATE

Are we going to have a problem?

Mason cuffs himself.

Nate holsters his gun.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tom fills out paperwork. His office phone rings.

TOM

Agent in charge Breen.

(beat)

Oh, no.

Erica walks in with a file folder.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'll call you back in an hour to let you know the arrangements.

Erica places the folder on his desk.

Tom hangs up the phone. He types on his laptop.

TOM (CONT'D)

I was in Wisconsin there years ago, tracking a guy through Kenosha. I had lunch at the Mars Cheese Castle and they had this amazing cheesy bread. My girls loved it. I am going to need you to go and pick one up. While you're there you can drive up to Sturgeon Bay and pick up Marshal Baxter.

ERICA

What about prison transport? Frank and I are a real team.

TOM

This is one of those times I am not asking you to do something.

(deep breath)

Marshal Baxter is to let local law enforcement officers investigate the case and return to the office with urgent haste.

INT. BIKER BAR OFFICE - NIGHT

Travis "Red" Felton is behind a small desk, going through a ledger on accounting software.

A BIKER walks in.

BIKER

George wants a word.

RED

Send him in.

The Biker leaves.

George walks in. His face is freshly bandaged up.

GEORGE

This is a pleasant surprise.

RED

Good lawyer.

(looks George over)

I should see the other guy, right?

GEORGE

The other guy put Victor in the hospital with a broken jaw.

RED

Damn.

GEORGE

(points to face)

Ten stitches and my back is just one big bruise.

RED

I'm sitting on a lot of cash here.

GEORGE

We won't have product for a while.

RED
I read about it.

GEORGE
It was complicated.

RED
Either way, it's unnecessary heat.

GEORGE
I've got more of it right now.

RED
I'm listening.

GEORGE
I'll give you ten points off if you
handle it for me.

RED
Who?

GEORGE
It's a Marshal.

Red thinks for a long moment.

RED
Twenty.

George nods.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Mason wakes up and looks around.

NATE (O.S.)
Rise and shine.

Mason looks and sees Nate on the other side of the bars.

MASON
It's weird being on this side of
the aisle, not going to lie.

NATE
Your boss is a very nice man. We
came to an understanding.

Mason curses under his breath.

NATE (CONT'D)
Time to go home, Mason.

MASON
He was going to tell me--

NATE
Whatever it is you wanted to hear.

MASON
You saw what we found.

NATE
Take your dad hat off.

MASON
This is different.

NATE
No, it's not.

MASON
How so?

NATE
You know why.

Mason looks away.

NATE (CONT'D)
Do you trust me?

MASON
Of course.

NATE
Then let me do my job, OK?

MASON
You've found nothing.

NATE
I've just gone through the usual
suspects, the low-hanging fruit.
(beat)
You understand that these things
can take time.

MASON
That's not enough.

NATE
It has to be.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

George reaches into his desk and takes out an older flip phone. He calls Clark.

CLARK (V.O.)
Hey boss man.

GEORGE
Where are you?

CLARK (V.O.)
Working.

GEORGE
Stay there.

George hangs up. His hand reaches into his drawer and pulls out a large pistol. He places it on his desk.

His fingers dial another number on the older flip phone.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Hey boss.
(beat)
Clark talked. He needs to be--
(beat)
I'll send him there.

George hangs up. He eyes the gun for a long moment.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Mason walks outside.

ERICA (O.S.)
You're lucky I like you.

He looks up and sees Erica standing next to his Lexus.

MASON
In any other context, you would be
a welcome sight.

ERICA
I hitched a ride on an FBI prison
transport and then was driven here
by a local.
(beat)
He hit on me for four hours.

MASON
Was he cute?

ERICA

No.

(beat)

The sheriff gave me your keys and a lift over to your rental, in case you were wondering.

MASON

How mad was he?

ERICA

Tom used the phrase--

(southern accent)

--urgent haste.

MASON

You know it's serious when he talks like Foghorn Leghorn.

(beat)

Alma said she'd give me some photos of Katie. If you wouldn't mind.

ERICA

OK.

Mason and Erica get into the sedan. It pulls out of the parking lot.

A member of the Wisconsin Breakers follows them.

EXT. REAR OF GAS STATION - DAY

Clark's face is bruised up. Dried blood is around his nose.

George walks up to him.

GEORGE

What did you tell him?

CLARK

Nothing, I swear to God!

George slaps him.

Clark yelps in pain.

GEORGE

He came to the pool hall. He spoke like someone told him something.

CLARK

He knew it before he talked to me.

George slaps him hard.

Clark recoils in pain.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Is this everyone gets to beat up
Clark day?

GEORGE

Yes.

CLARK

That's not fair!

GEORGE

If you would've kept your mouth
shut, you wouldn't be in this mess.

CLARK

He put a gun to my head.

GEORGE

I was going to do the same thing
but today is your lucky day.

CLARK

It doesn't feel like it.

GEORGE

The boss said to go to the cabin
and wait for him. He will fix it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Erica and Mason sit on the couches.

Erica looks at the photos of Katie.

Alma walks in with a small box. She hands it to Erica.

ALMA

(to Mason)

Can we have a moment?

MASON

Sure.

Alma and Mason leave.

Erica opens the box and looks inside. Older photos of Katie
and Alma are inside.

INT. NATE'S OFFICE - DAY

Nate types on his laptop. He looks at it strangely and picks up his phone. His fingers quickly dial a number.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)
Milwaukee Police Depot, Car Depot.

Nate hangs up.

Pure fucking panic comes over his face.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Oscar walks in.

OSCAR
I was going to grab some lunch.

NATE
I need to... run home.

Nate gets up and sprints out.

EXT. ALMA'S HOME - DAY

Alma and Mason walk outside.

ALMA
Nate called.

MASON
I almost had a lead.

ALMA
He said you put someone into the hospital, Mason.

MASON
Erica's taking me back home. I'll see you again when Nate finds whoever did this, OK?

ALMA
You're doing a good job of finding a way to make this about you and not her. Have you even visited her grave yet or is the violence a good substitute for it?

MASON
The kid deserved everything he got.

ALMA

You don't get to be this guy.

MASON

Why not?

ALMA

Because it's too little, too late.

MASON

None of this adds up. Not in the way it should.

ALMA

She had a bag of drugs, money, and a laptop. What do you think is on it?

MASON

Evidence.

ALMA

I know the truth is hard to accept, but she was in a dark place. I just didn't see it. Neither did you.

MASON

You don't want to admit that there's more to this than she was on the wrong end of a deal.

ALMA

Because you knew her better?

MASON

We had a good relationship.

ALMA

When you wanted it.

MASON

Excuse me?

ALMA

She called every night she visited you because she was lonely.

MASON

I tried to cut back my hours when she was here. I used all my vacation to be with her.

ALMA

It doesn't make you a good father.

MASON

I wasn't perfect but I was good.

ALMA

What was her favorite TV show?

Mason doesn't know.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Who was her best friend?

Mason doesn't know that either.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Who was the first boy that broke her heart?

Mason looks away.

MASON

So I wasn't her first call. Or her second. That doesn't mean--

ALMA

You weren't even on the list.

MASON

We spent plenty of quality time together when she visited.

ALMA

This would've been much easier for all of us if you had never come back here.

MASON

I came back to bury my father and never utter the words "Sturgeon Bay" ever again. You just had to go to The Bar and say something to me.

ALMA

It was the first night out for me in six years because I was busy with two jobs, OK? I had some steam to blow off and magically you just happened to show up, the asshole who put me in this situation.

MASON

You sent a letter to me that said never to call you again. Don't martyr yourself on a cross when you were the one buying the nails.

ALMA

I thought it would be easier this way. You said you didn't want kids.

MASON

I would have tried--

ALMA

You barely tried when you had the time. What makes you think you would have done anything more?

ERICA (O.S.)

Mason?

Mason and Alma turn to see Erica staring back at them.

Erica has the box of photos in her hands.

ERICA (CONT'D)

(to Mason)

We're going to be late.

(to Alma)

Thank you for the hospitality.

Mason gets into the car and starts the engine.

Erica looks at Alma.

ERICA (CONT'D)

My condolences.

Everyone looks away awkwardly.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

George has an old burner phone pressed to his ear, listening intently. A cold sweat comes down his brow.

GEORGE

Understood.

He puts the phone down.

INT. LEXUS - DAY (DRIVING)

Mason is behind the wheel.

Erica looks around as Sturgeon Bay flies past them.

ERICA

Do you want to talk about it?

MASON
Not particularly.

ERICA
Noted.

Silence.

MASON
She said I didn't know her.

ERICA
Katie lived here. She visited you.

MASON
We talked on the holidays and when she was out here. We talked about the important things in life.

ERICA
Maybe you didn't know her as well as you thought you did.

MASON
I knew my daughter.

ERICA
What did the police report say?

MASON
I didn't see it.

ERICA
You're on a first-name basis with the Sheriff.

MASON
Everything says drug deal gone bad.

ERICA
Then he'll kick in the door of every drug dealer until he finds the one who did it.

Mason looks into the rearview. He sees the Biker following them in the distance.

MASON
That's the third time I've seen that guy today.

ERICA
This is a small town.

MASON

There's a local chapter of the Breakers around here. They're fans of selling meth, historically.

ERICA

They'd be the first person that he would've talked to.

MASON

It feels like they're keeping tabs on me. And you too, of course.

ERICA

Maybe it's a coincidence.

MASON

Doesn't feel like one.

Erica nods.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Clark paces around the cabin, a cold sweat coming down his face. His hands twitch.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Clark walks up to the door. He opens it up, revealing Nate.

CLARK

George said--

NATE

For you to come here to stay put.

CLARK

I'm sorry.

Nate points to a chair.

Clark sits down.

Nate sits down across from him.

NATE

You're going to tell me everything that's happened from yesterday afternoon until ten minutes ago.

EXT. WISCONSIN BIKER BAR - DAY

WISCONSIN BIKERS linger outside, day-drinking.

Mason's Lexus pulls up and parks.

INT. LEXUS - DAY

Mason parks the car and hands the key to Erica.

ERICA

Tom is going to be pissed.

MASON

I'm just going to ask them a couple of questions, like a normal person.

ERICA

We don't have backup.

MASON

This won't be violent.

ERICA

You got lucky that I had a sniper rifle last time.

MASON

And you didn't have to fire a shot.

ERICA

If this goes sideways--

MASON

Bikers like me.

ERICA

No one likes you.

MASON

You like me.

ERICA

Because I have to.

MASON

Fair enough.

Mason exits the Lexus.

Erica watches as he approaches the bar.

Erica's hand moves to her pistol. She takes it out and puts it at her side. Her eyes follow him closely.

EXT. WISCONSIN BIKER BAR - DAY

Mason walks up to the bar.

The Bikers turn and stare him down.

MASON
Good afternoon, gentlemen.

One of the Bikers goes inside.

WISCONSIN BIKER
This is a private club.

Mason takes his badge out.

WISCONSIN BIKER (CONT'D)
This is a private club, Marshal.

MASON
I was looking for the President.

WISCONSIN BIKER
Then you need to get on a plane and fly to the White House.

The Bikers laugh.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Nate and Clark are seated across from one another.

NATE
Guess what he found?

Clark gulps loudly.

CLARK
I dumped the recorder and all of his stuff in the Bay. No one will find it, I swear.

NATE
That doesn't matter anymore. My guys have the VIN. I'll have to contact MPD and pretend I don't know what I have.

CLARK
You're a small-town sheriff,
they'll believe you.

NATE
What did you tell the Marshal?

CLARK
I didn't say a word.

NATE
He seemed to know where to go after
talking to you.

Clark looks around nervously. His eyes quickly go to Nate's
holstered gun and then back up.

CLARK
I had to tell him something.

NATE
George didn't.

CLARK
He put a gun to my head. I kept
thinking of her and his name just
came out, I swear.

NATE
What about mine?

CLARK
Do you think he'd believe me?

NATE
He believed you enough.

Clark is officially scared shitless now.

INT. WISCONSIN BIKER BAR - DAY

Mason stares down the bikers.

MASON
If he doesn't get out here in the
next ten minutes I'm going to call
a tow truck for all the illegally
parked vehicles up front.

Silence.

Travis "Red" Felton walks out.

RED
I thought the Marshals had better
things to do than be meter maids.

Red and Mason catch eyes.

MASON
I guess the White House is closer
than your friends suggested.

RED
Good to see you too, Marshal.

MASON
Last time I checked you were in
federal custody.

RED
And my lawyer saw your file.

MASON
And you what... promised not to sue
if they dropped your charges?

RED
Freedom has a price, it seems.

Red and Mason stare each other down.

MASON
How about we continue this chat
inside, Red?

RED
You'll need a warrant to step
inside, Marshal, and not a minute
before either.

MASON
I'll make you a deal.

RED
I'm listening.

MASON
I didn't see a thing on your guys.

RED
Or inside.

MASON
It'll be like I never walked in.

Red nods.

RED
My office.

MASON
After you.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Clark looks around nervously.

CLARK
She's dead and whoever was trying
to set you up is in the wind.

NATE
What else did you tell him?

CLARK
I just gave him George's name.

NATE
Anything else?

CLARK
I thought he was going to kill me.

NATE
Did you tell him anything else?

CLARK
For the last time, I kept your name
out of it.

NATE
Good.

INT. BIKER BAR OFFICE - DAY

Red sits down behind his desk.

A large bag of meth is on it.

Mason sits down in front of him. His eyes spot the drugs.

RED
Everything inside, remember?

Mason moves his jacket, revealing his pistol.

MASON
I remember.

Red motions to the desk.

RED

It's a double barrel, in case you were wondering.

MASON

I thought this was going to just be a friendly conversation.

RED

Our last chat wasn't friendly.

MASON

There are about twenty good reasons for that one.

RED

And I believe I owe you for a little bit of police brutality.

MASON

We can settle that later if you're feeling froggy.

RED

The books are enough fun for me.

MASON

A meth deal went bad a week ago.

RED

And you think the MC here had something to do with it? I can tell you loud and clearly, like they told the Sheriff, that we don't know anything about that.

MASON

I was watching the History Channel show "Gangland" the other day. They had an episode about the Breakers. They said you guys were deep in that particular field.

RED

A singular mistake shouldn't tar an entire organization of men who like intimate gatherings and riding motorcycles on the open road.

MASON

My daughter was shot.

Red looks at his desk. A photo of RED'S DAUGHTER (12) catches his eye. He takes a deep breath.

RED
I understand.

MASON
I just want the shooter. Anything else is for the locals.

RED
That wasn't us.

MASON
How do I know you're telling me the truth, Travis?

RED
They wouldn't have found the body.

They stare at each other for a long moment.

Red's hands touch the shotgun.

Mason's eyes measure the distance between them.

MASON
Point me in the right direction and I'll owe you a favor.

RED
How big a favor?

MASON
C-felony and below, one time, if it's within our purview.

Red looks at the photo of his daughter again.

RED
Father to father... I get it.

MASON
I was hoping you would.

RED
Let's say something happened... in pure, hypothetical terms.

MASON
I'm listening.

RED
There's a lot of cabins out around
here, Marshal.

MASON
Yes, there are.

RED
I've heard that sometimes one in
particular is used to stash things.

MASON
That could be a lot of them.

RED
Find the right one and maybe you'll
find the guy you're looking for.

MASON
Who's the right guy?

RED
How well do you know Sturgeon Bay?

MASON
My parents are buried here.

RED
So you know which cabins are taken
and which ones aren't.

MASON
Twenty years ago I did.

RED
Well... all I can say is that some
cabins never change and then leave
it at that, Marshal.

Both men look at one another and nod.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Nate pulls his pistol out and aims it at Clark.

Clark's breathing increases. Cold sweat pours off of him.

NATE
You should've told me about what
went down in Milwaukee, Clark.

CLARK

They let us go with nothing. I thought it was our lucky day.

NATE

She had a wire on. They turned her on you, me, and everyone else.

CLARK

She loved me!

NATE

She gave you up.

INT. LEXUS - DAY (DRIVING)

Mason is behind the wheel.

Erica stares at her phone.

ERICA

We can still make our flight.

MASON

I think I know what cabin he was talking about.

ERICA

I can't imagine there's just one cabin in the woods out here.

MASON

In high school, there was one where we'd go to drink. You had to use a lantern to see anything but a good bottle of bourbon made it worth it.

ERICA

This is a goose chase, Mason.

Mason accelerates.

MASON

You shouldn't have let me drive.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Nate aims carefully at Clark.

CLARK

I can run into the woods and--

BANG!

Clark falls to the ground, dead.

The shell from the gun falls into the cracks and underneath the floors.

Nate doesn't see it.

He takes a towel out of his lower back and unwraps it, revealing a small pistol. His hands quickly place it in Clark's hand, being careful to wipe off any fingerprints.

INT. LEXUS - DAY (DRIVING)

Mason looks up, his eyes focusing on something.

MASON

Give me ten seconds to look around.
If I find something, I'll--

ERICA

We're going to miss our flight.

MASON

We won't, I promise.

ERICA

Do you think Tom's mad now?

MASON

He'll understand.

ERICA

I think you lost him when he heard
you assaulted a teenager.

MASON

He looked older.

Mason sees an exit. He takes it.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

A medical examiner's hearse is parked up front. Next to it are several police vehicles.

Nate stands outside the door with several of his DEPUTIES.

The Lexus pulls up and parks.

Mason and Erica exit.

MASON
What the hell?

Nate sees the two. He's surprised.

MASON (CONT'D)
What happened?

Mason sprints up to him.

NATE
I have a deer camera up in the
trees, to make sure no one is doing
anything fishy up here.

The door opens up.

NATE (CONT'D)
It went off, and I was ten minutes
from here.

Two CORONERS emerge with a gurney.

NATE (CONT'D)
I knocked on the door, to see if he
was doing alright. He let me in and
then he pulled on me.

Erica walks up to Mason and Nate.

MASON
What did he want?

NATE
Absolution, I think.

Clark's body is on it.

NATE (CONT'D)
He told me he killed her and that
he couldn't live with the guilt.

Mason sees the body.

NATE (CONT'D)
His eyes looked away for a second
and I had to do it.

Mason's eyes focus on the body.

MASON
Heck of a shot.

A gunshot wound is in his head.

NATE

I barely got it off.

The gurney goes past Mason and into the hearse.

NATE (CONT'D)

We'll run ballistics on the gun but I'm pretty sure it'll match the one we pulled out of Katie.

MASON

You said the slug was pancaked inside of her head.

NATE

We can get enough of a match to lay it to rest, officially. My guess is the gun matches the one we pulled out of the body in the forest, too.

Mason snaps out of it.

MASON

Are you OK?

NATE

Just shook up.

(beat)

Did you hear it over the radio?

Mason's eyes look into the cabin. The light beams off the shell of the bullet for a moment. His eyes light up.

ERICA

Yes, yes we did.

NATE

I thought I'd be calling you.

Mason takes a step towards the cabin.

Erica places her hand on Mason's shoulder.

Mason stops.

MASON

We go back a long way. I thought I would see what happened. Just to be sure nothing bad happened to you.

NATE

The good thing is that I can close the case now.

Mason extends his hand.

MASON
Take care of yourself, Nate.

Nate shakes it.

NATE
Likewise.

Mason and Erica walk back to the car.

Nate's eyes turn to the cabin. He looks around. His eyes spot the brass.

INT. LEXUS - DAY (DRIVING)

Mason is behind the wheel.

Erica stares at her phone.

MASON
Why did you lie?

She turns to him.

ERICA
What?

MASON
Why did you tell Nate we heard it
on the radio?

ERICA
It'd be easier than if we decided
to follow a lead from a biker gang.

MASON
We were in the right direction, at
least. That makes me feel better.

ERICA
And you got some sort of justice.

MASON
I would've preferred he admitted it
in open court. For Alma.

Erica turns back to her phone.

ERICA
I can get us on a red-eye back home
with a connecting flight in Reno.

MASON
When does it leave?

ERICA
We've got five hours.

MASON
The airport is two hours from here.

ERICA
Where do you want to eat?

MASON
The Bar is around here.

ERICA
I saw a half dozen bars in town.

MASON
The Bar.

ERICA
It must be special for you to want
to go there one more time.

MASON
Their chicken wings are amazing.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Nate looks around.

Several of the Deputies mill around.

Nate looks into the cabin. His eyes spot the shell casing. He mutters a profanity.

OSCAR
Everything OK, boss?

Nate turns to them.

NATE
I forgot I have to put one of you
in charge of this while I take time
off for the investigation.

OSCAR
It's a clean shooting.

NATE
We have to do everything by the
book, Oscar.

INT. THE BAR - NIGHT

Mason and Erica sit at the bar.

The remains of two baskets of chicken wings, and mostly empty-looking beers, are in front of them.

MASON

They were a lot better back then.

ERICA

Or your tastes have gotten better since you were a teenager.

MASON

Probably.

Erica looks up and sees something. Her eyes focus on it.

ERICA

That looks like you.

Mason's eyes follow hers.

An older photo of a sixteen-year-old Mason in a wrestling singlet is on the wall.

A new article celebrating Mason's third state wrestling title is underneath it.

MASON

He used to be me.

ERICA

You don't look like a wrestler.

MASON

I couldn't shoot a basketball to save my life.

ERICA

Three is impressive.

MASON

It was the small school division. I got an invitation to nationals and it went very poorly for me.

ERICA

It couldn't have been that bad.

MASON

I got ran off the mat, twice.

Erica takes a drink.

ERICA

At least you made it that far. We never even got out of our regional.

MASON

It was like the Army. When I was in Kabul we just sat around, waiting, for the three minutes that would change your life.

Mason looks around the bar.

ERICA

I can see you drinking here.

Mason takes a long drink.

MASON

I'd be driving for Schneider, living in a ranch home, and obsessing over the Packers because I had nothing else to do.

ERICA

Doesn't sound that bad.

MASON

It's not as good as you think.
(looks at the photo,
sighs)
That's the wrong photo.

ERICA

What?

MASON

(points to photo)
That's from my sophomore year.
(points to article)
That's from my senior year.

ERICA

Does it matter?

MASON

It's about getting the details right. That year I beat Max Griffin by fall. Alma was there, too. There was a great photo in the paper with her and I, right after I won.

ERICA
That sounds cute.

MASON
It would've made it all... fit. It
would've been perfect with that
photo, to tell the full story.
(thinks)
We missed something.

ERICA
The Sheriff said--

MASON
It just feels too convenient.

Silence.

ERICA
You got some sort of justice.

MASON
I missed something. I've heard
losing a child is the hardest thing
you can do.

Mason stands up and tosses a handful of bills onto the
counter. He walks out.

Erica follows him.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Lexus pulls up and parks nearby.

Mason and Erica exit the vehicle and walk up to the cabin.

Yellow Police Tape is on the door.

Mason walks up to it.

ERICA
You go inside and you officially
are interfering with an active
police investigation, Mason.

MASON
Something is under the floorboard.

ERICA
It could've been there since you
were in high school.

MASON

Or maybe it's evidence. We grab it,
we run prints and then it's over.

ERICA

Tom got you out of there once.

MASON

And?

Mason looks up and around.

ERICA

You go inside and Tom can't get you
out of it. From there it's an ADA
and you lose your job.

Mason walks around to the rear of the cabin.

EXT. REAR OF CABIN - NIGHT

Mason walks up to the window and looks inside. His eyes open
wide. He takes a deep breath.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Hands where I can see them.

George is standing there, a shotgun pointed at Mason's face.

MASON

I'm sorry I beat you up but we can
settle this, like men.

GEORGE

We'll settle this, alright.

Mason stares at the shotgun.

MASON

I've got a partner up front.

GEORGE

So do I.

George motions with the shotgun for Mason to walk up front.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Nate has his gun pointed at Erica.

Her pistol is on the ground.

Mason walks up, his hands raised.

George is behind him, his hands firmly on the shotgun.

Mason sees everything.

NATE

You should've gone home.

MASON

You shouldn't have killed her.

Mason stares Nate down.

NATE

How did you know?

MASON

You didn't police your brass.

Nate nods. He turns to George.

GEORGE

He wasn't carrying.

Erica's eyes perk up.

NATE

I couldn't just do it in front of my deputies, could I?

MASON

Someone runs a print on it and a lot of questions come up. It was the only thing you didn't set up perfectly, Nate. If you would've had it bagged, and wiped, it would have made sense.

(beat)

It wasn't Sheriff Nate there. He would've policed his brass. This was murder by a guy covering his tracks for a pair of them.

NATE

I couldn't take the chance.

MASON

Was the Breakers' money worth it?

NATE

Valerie's treatments were going to bankrupt us and I couldn't lose her. You have to understand.

MASON

After how we grew up, you're the last one I'd think was bent.

NATE

I took a little money. So what?

Mason looks at both guns. He measures the distance between everyone with his eyes.

MASON

Katie was an innocent.

George walks next to Nate.

NATE

Katie had a wire on. She was going to use me to get out of all the trouble she brought on herself.

MASON

You should've taken it like a man.

NATE

And what about my daughter? Did she deserve to die because of me?

Erica looks around.

MASON

That's on you and the choices you made, Nate.

NATE

What's my choice now?

MASON

Drop the guns, turn yourself in, and confess to your crimes.

She looks at her gun on the ground.

NATE

I walked two miles through this forest to get that brass.

Erica's eyes turn to Mason. She spots the outline of his pistol. Her breathing slows down.

ERICA

There's ten yards between you and me. Maybe I make it. Maybe I don't.

NATE

Do you think you're that good?

ERICA

I was a high school sprinter.

Nate laughs.

MASON

I think she can make it.

GEORGE

You have to be joking.

MASON

You've got the safety on.

Nate turns to George, his eyes on the shotgun.

The safety is on.

GEORGE

No, it's not.

MASON

It's been annoying me this whole time, not going to lie.

GEORGE

He's just trying to--

Mason's hand moves to his holster.

NATE

It's on, you imbecile.

George takes the safety off.

GEORGE

Sorry.

ERICA

If you're going to kill us, you should've hired professionals.

Nate turns to Erica.

NATE

We'll have to do.

ERICA

Can you shoot me instead of him He is going to screw it up.

George turns the shotgun to her. His finger moves to the trigger. His breathing slows down.

GEORGE

No one will ever find you out here,
like every other--

BANG! BANG!

Nate and George fall to the ground, bullet holes in their head. Both twitch and die.

Mason places the gun down on the ground. He walks over to the Lexus and gets into the back seat.

Erica walks back to him.

ERICA

Are you OK?

MASON

Call it in.

She takes out her cell phone and dials 911.

ERICA

This is United States Marshal Erica
Walker. I need to report an
officer-involved shooting.

Mason's eyes look at Nate's body. They focus on it.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Super: 1 year after Katie's Death

Mason stands in front of Katie's headstone. A bouquet is in his hands.

He stares at the headstone for a while. His hands place the flowers on it.

MASON

This is the first time I've been
here since my old man died. He told
me our relationship was in life,
not death, and that I didn't need
to come back here all the time to
just visit a piece of stone.

(beat)

That was after my mother passed,
too. He had a way with words...

(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)

and timing, I suppose.

(beat)

It explains a lot, right?

(beat)

It was in my head right after you died. Your memories were the only thing that I had left.

(beat)

It's a hell of a thing. Nate and I grew up together. I have so many good memories of him. They don't match the guy that did this to you.

(beat)

The woman they said you were does not match who I knew, too. Trying to balance that out has been rough.

(beat)

All I can say is that you were a good daughter and I was a good dad.

(beat)

Tom would say it's a crooked edge.

(deep breath)

Sometimes those are all you have.

FADE OUT.