

BURN THE RIVER DRY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WEST TEXAS - NIGHT

Flat. Desolate. Quiet. Black sky. No moon.

The MUTED sound of a freight train's AIR HORN is heard.

SUPER: **PECOS COUNTY, WEST TEXAS**

INT. ENGINEER CABIN - LOCOMOTIVE - NIGHT

The ENGINEER pulls down the HORN LEVER releasing a long burst of soul-jarring SOUND. He smiles, pulls the lever down again.

POV out the front window of the locomotive's cab on the two parallel rails bolted to and extending through flat hard-scrabble earth. Narrowing into the black West Texas abyss.

Engineer holds a glass crack pipe in his hand. He hits it with a Scorch. The small white rock in the bowl fires, melts and begins to liquify. He slowly rolls the bowl and inhales deeply. Holds it. Then exhales a cloud that contains his soul.

Engineer's PUPILS DILATE.

His arms TWITCH. Hands TWITCH. Fingers TWITCH.

He pinballs around the small cabin--focuses on the DASHBOARD--*almost* flipping switches--*almost* pressing buttons--stopping his twitchy fingers each time--at the very last moment.

Out of his brain. Going insane. Not really driving the train.

He pulls down maniacally on the HORN LEVER, over and over--BLARE! BLARE! BLARE! BLARE! He laughs...

He turns to the dashboard, shoves the ACCELERATOR LEVER forward:

SPEED INDICATOR: 70MPH→ 80MPH→ 90MPH→ 100MPH→

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Faded white stripes check down the middle of the pavement.

A GRAY PICKUP TRUCK passes us in a BLUR. It miniaturizes as it flies away from us down the highway, transforming into a dark speck... then it's gone.

INT. GRAY PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

MUSIC: Wilco's song "Hell Is Chrome" plays from the truck's radio:

The male DRIVER sings along with Wilco's singer, Jeff Tweedy:

DRIVER/TWEEDY (V.O.)
 When the devil came/ He was not red
 He was chrome, and he said-

Driver's POV through the darkness on the approaching TRAIN. It's long. Over a hundred boxcars. Slithering fast along the edge of the horizon. Converging with the highway up ahead.

DRIVER/TWEEDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (sings softly)
 Come with me/ Come with me/ Come
 with me/ Come with me

Driver comes upon the red tail lights of a BLACK CAR ahead.

The RED FLASHING railroad gates drop down, blocking the road.

The black car slows as it approaches the crossing.

Its red brake lights FLASH. It slows to a stop.

DRIVER/TWEEDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (sings softly)
 Come with me.

Driver turns off the radio.

He slows the truck as he approaches the black car stopped up ahead at the crossing gate.

EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

FLASHING BLUR of the approaching THUNDERING train.

EXT. HIGHWAY/TRAIN CROSSING - NIGHT

Driver rolls up and stops behind the stopped black car.

The truck's high-beams fire up the back of the car driver's head, that belongs to forty-year-old quack, DR. MALAK UBEL.

Annoyed, Ubel adjusts the rearview mirror to reflect the high-beams away from his eyes.

EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

RHYTHMICALLY RUMBLING over the rails BLOWING its HORN.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Driver slowly eases forward...gently butts his front bumper against Ubel's rear bumper.

Driver slowly presses the gas pedal, pushing the car forward.

Ubel freaks, BRAKES HARD and turns around to glare at Truck Driver. The truck's high-beams blind him. He panics.

Driver continues pushing Ubel's sliding black car toward the crossing gate.

EXT. HIGHWAY/RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

With full-on brakes, the black car's tires SLIDE and SCRAPE the pavement as it skids forward, toward the crossing gate.

INT. UBEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Terrified, Ubel turns around and, engulfed in the blinding bright white high-beams, screams:

UBEL
STOP! FUCKING STOP! STOP!

Ubel opens the driver's door to bail out--but forgets he's strapped in with his seat belt. The door swings closed. Horrified, he fumbles with the seat belt latch-

EXT. HIGHWAY/RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

The train RUMBLES by in a BLUR toward the highway crossing.

INT. ENGINEER CABIN - LOCOMOTIVE - NIGHT

Engineer sits on the floor in a daze, hitting the crack pipe with the Scorch, inhaling, exhaling, reaching up, pulling the horn lever--BLARE! Laughing maniacally.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Driver stomps on the gas pedal and SHOVES Ubel's black car CRASHING through the SHATTERING wooden crossing gate.

EXT. HIGHWAY/RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

The pickup truck shoves Ubel's car--its front tires SLIDE over the first rail.

Pickup truck stops.

The locomotive's spotlight beam lights up Ubel's car.

Pickup truck quickly reverses and stops.

INT. UBEL'S CAR

Ubel takes his foot off the brake--hits the gas--lurching the car forward--now squarely between the rails as-

-the LOCOMOTIVE SLAMS into it BOOM!-

EXT. HIGHWAY/RAILROAD CROSSING

-driving it down the tracks--RADIATING a COMET TRAIL of SPARKS and FLAMES.

TRACK WITH CAR

As it EXPLODES--into a rolling FIREBALL. That MELTS Dr. Ubel.

We hear the train's AIR BRAKES engage as its steel wheels SHRIEK along the rails for a mile before coming to a stop.

The car's flames lick up to the Engineer's Cabin.

CLOSE on the burning inferno containing Dr. Ubel's skeletal remains. His jawbone open. A final scream. That no one heard.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Driver's view of the stopped boxcars a few feet away from the pickup truck's front bumper.

Driver's view as he turns his head and stares out his side window a mile down the tracks at-

-the burning remains of the car welded to the locomotive.

The locomotive's CABIN DOOR opens.

Cracked-out locomotive Engineer exits, slips on the steps, falls to the ground near the burning car. He gets up.

Lost deep within his reptilian brain, he stares incomprehensibly at the burnt black skeleton inside the car. He turns away. And wanders off into the bleak West Texas darkness.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

Driver exits the pickup truck. He's a big man, over six-feet two and two hundred thirty pounds. He looks down the highway toward the town behind him. No cars.

He walks to the starting point of Ubel's car's parallel SKID MARKS on the pavement leading to the rails-

PAVEMENT

-and the car's final point of impact on the railroad tracks. He follows the SKID MARKS toward the stopped train.

Wearing black latex gloves, Driver bends down and studies the pavement at the end of the skid marks near the first rail.

He takes the BROKEN BENT BOTTOM HALF of a METAL LICENSE PLATE FRAME from inside his jacket. He lays it on the pavement between the two skid marks.

CLOSE on the broken half of the license plate frame laying near a small PATCH of CLOTH.

Driver picks up the patch of cloth, puts it into his pocket, walks back to the pickup truck and gets in.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

He sits in the driver seat, contemplating his crime. We finally see his bearded rugged face. His eyes have seen a lot of shit and death during his life. This is 40-year-old-

FRANK KERNAN.

The pickup truck's gun rack behind his head holds two sniper rifles with scopes: a Steyr SSG 69 and SIG SSG 3000.

Frank's view of the nicked and scarred five-inch PLASTIC JESUS sitting on the dashboard.

CLOSE on Plastic Jesus and the bloody nail holes in his hands. His right hand is raised toward Frank as if he's blessing him?

Frank slides down his window.

He takes Plastic Jesus off the dashboard. Stares at it. Then throws it out the window. The window silently slides closed.

EXT. HIGHWAY/RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

CLOSE on Plastic Jesus bouncing and rolling across the pavement onto the shoulder of the road. He lies on his back, facing upward to Heaven.

The truck makes a LEFT U-turn away from the railroad crossing.

Then stops.

Frank exits the truck and walks to Plastic Jesus.

CLOSE on Plastic Jesus lying chafed, chipped and dirty on the pavement. Staring up at Frank.

Frank picks him up. His right blessing hand is missing. They stare at each other. Frank wipes Jesus off and puts him into his pocket. He walks to the front bumper of his truck.

A FOLDED PADDED BLANKET is fastened to the front bumper with black plastic zip ties.

The blanket has a small hole in it matching the patch of cloth Frank picked up from the pavement.

Frank unfolds a tactical knife and cuts the zip ties.

He removes the blanket and zip ties from the bumper and takes them to the rear bed of the truck. He places them inside.

Frank gets in the truck and drives away.

HIGHWAY SHOULDER

CLOSE on Plastic Jesus's beige plastic RIGHT HAND lying on the pavement. In the distant background, Ubel's car burns.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Frank's gray pickup truck miniaturizes as it rockets away from us down the road. Transforming into a dark speck...

EXT. DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Frank's gray pickup truck enters off the highway into the parking lot. He parks next to a PECOS COUNTY SHERIFF's car.

Frank exits the truck. He looks closely, briefly at his front bumper. Then walks toward the diner's front door just as-

-it opens. Hispanic former high school classmate of Frank's, Pecos County Sheriff, JOHN ALVAREZ, 50, rushes out:

ALVAREZ
(passes Frank)
Frank.

FRANK
(flat)
John.

Alvarez walks to his Sheriff's car. Approaching SIRENS WAIL.

A Fire Truck passes the diner at high speed heading west.

Alvarez gets into his car, flips on its LIGHTS & SIREN, speeds off following the Fire Truck west down Old Alpine highway.

An Ambulance speeds past following Alvarez's Sheriff's car.

Frank enters the diner.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Frank walks in and takes a seat in a booth. John Alvarez's pretty daughter with long brown hair, JULIA ALVAREZ, 18, sets a slice of pie and a cup of coffee in front of Frank.

FRANK
(quietly)
Thank you, Julia.

Julia lingers awkwardly near the booth. She's uncomfortable.

Frank slowly looks up at her.

FRANK
One day at a time.

Julia stares at Frank for a few sad moments, then hurries back to the kitchen.

Frank sighs. He picks up his fork. Cuts a bite of pie.

DINER GRILL

Julia speaks with MADEO, 60, the diner's owner and grill cook.

She takes off her apron, folds it, takes her black hoodie off the hook and puts it on. She exits out the diner's rear door.

EXT. PARKING LOT - REAR OF DINER - NIGHT

Julia exits the diner, walks to her car and gets in. She drives to the side of the diner, parks and turns off the car.

INT. JULIA'S CAR - NIGHT

Julia's view of Frank's pickup truck parked in front of the diner.

EXT. NURSE DAEVA'S HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

The house is dark. A white SUV is parked in the driveway.

We PAN AROUND to-

REAR OF DAEVA'S HOUSE

-just as dark shadowed Frank exits the rear kitchen door.

He jogs toward a shed with a flask and rag in his hand.

View from behind the shed of Frank approaching-

-He passes the shed, hops Daeva's fence and disappears O.S.

INT. DAEVA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The rear door to the kitchen opens slightly, slowly. We see a black leather glove on the door knob. The door swings in. Julia enters wearing her black hoodie and gloves.

She looks around. Silence. She steps cautiously through the kitchen toward the archway into the living room-

Julia passes through the archway into the-

LIVING ROOM

She takes a couple steps in, and freezes. She GASPS.

Her view of the back of a BODY hanging by its neck from a taut rope strung over a ceiling beam.

Beneath the body's bare feet is a toppled over kitchen chair.

The rope CREAKS as the knot tightens from the weight of the body. That slowly rotates...

Julia stares at it, mesmerized.

The front of the body turns and faces Julia.

Eyeballs extended. Tongue juts out from its mouth. The face belongs to the body of Dr. Ubel's nurse, DAEVA MAUVAIS, 38.

Julia looks around. Searches the room. Walks to Daeva's desk. She scans the clutter on the desk top surrounding Daeva's open laptop. Julia sits down in the desk chair. Looks at the laptop screen. Taps a few keys... then starts typing.

EXT. TRAIN/HIGHWAY/RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

The train is stopped, same as before.

An Ambulance, lights on no siren, drives toward us from the resting place of Ubel's burnt car a mile west of the crossing. It turns onto Old Alpine Road and heads east toward town.

A Pecos County Fire Truck follows the Ambulance.

The Fire Truck passes Sheriff John Alvarez standing near the crossing. He shines his flashlight on Ubel's car's SKID MARKS.

His cocky airhead DEPUTY, LOUIS SERRANO, 28, comes over.

Alvarez shines his flashlight to the right of the skid marks.

His light shines on cactus and succulents growing close to the side of the road. They are perfectly intact, no damage:

ALVAREZ

If someone pushed him into the train. That person would have to turn around to leave. Not that way.

Alvarez shines his light to the left. He walks a path simulating the arc of a left U-turn:

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)

They'd turn around this way.

SERRANO

Brilliant deduction, Sherlock.

ALVAREZ

Shut the fuck up, Louis and try to learn something.

SERRANO

Sor-ree. How long are we going to be out here, John? I got a date.

Alvarez walks very slow, shining his light down on the road.

Serrano hesitantly follows him with his flashlight aimed at the road. They search meticulously.

Alvarez stops, turns and walks on the shoulder of the road back toward the train. His light illuminates the shoulder. Serrano follows him and does the same.

Alvarez stops. He crouches. He shines his light close on the surface of the pavement.

SERRANO

Something?

CLOSE on the tiny beige severed RIGHT HAND of Frank's Plastic Jesus. Serrano adds his light to it.

ALVAREZ

Probably nothing.

Alvarez takes out a tweezer, picks up the hand. Serrano hands him a clear plastic evidence bag.

SERRANO

What is it?

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)

Looks like an old piece of a broken toy. A doll's hand.

He places it in the bag. Seals it. Slides it into his pocket.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

Frank's gray pickup drives up to the modest frame house and parks. It's dark. He gets out, walks to the truck's bed and takes out the blanket and zip ties.

Frank's Gray Wolf-Husky mix, LOBO, on a long chain near the door, runs to him, jumps up on him and greets him with licks.

Lobo's a scary large creature: five feet long, a hundred and fifty pounds. She has blood on her jowls.

Frank releases her chain and warmly pets her:

FRANK

Are you hungry? Looks like you already found dinner.

A bloody ravaged JAVELINA lays near the house.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Looks like "Javi" finally ran out of luck. You have to stop eating your friends, Lobo. There'll be no one left for you to play with.

Lobo looks at him curiously.

He takes the blanket and zip ties around the corner to the-

REAR OF THE HOUSE

Frank puts the blanket and zip ties into an old steel drum. He pours gasoline into the drum and lights it on fire. The blanket and zip ties burn.

He walks to the rear door, unlocks it and holds it open for Lobo. She enters, he follows.

INT. KITCHEN - FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank flips on the lights.

He fills Lobo's food and water bowls. She laps at the water.

Frank takes a Coke from the nearly empty fridge. And walks into the-

DINING ROOM

He sits at the table.

Clean shiny settings on the table for three people: fine bone china plates, silverware, crystal glasses and linen napkins.

The house is quiet. Very neat. Like nobody lives there.

A framed FAMILY PORTRAIT hangs on the wall behind Frank.

In the PHOTO, taken four years ago, we see Frank and his smiling family. He has his arm around his Hispanic wife, MALENA, 34, and his pretty daughter, LÍA, 14.

Lobo finishes her food and comes over to Frank. She sits, and rests her head on his thigh. He tenderly pets her head.

EXT. GRAVE SITE - CEMETERY - DAY

SUPER: **ONE WEEK AGO**

A small group of People are gathered in their Sunday best.

FATHER MORALES (O.S.)

-we now commend this innocent young woman, Lía, to that same embrace of our Savior's love-

PAN the mourners: a few Townsfolk; twelve well dressed Mexican Men wearing black cowboy hats, elegant black clothing, stylish Mexican jewelry and cowboy boots; Sheriff Alvarez and his white wife, SANDY, 40; their daughter Julia; and Frank wearing sunglasses; Lobo sits up obediently at Frank's side.

They gather around a white shiny coffin set above an open grave listening to the eulogy of FATHER PETE MORALES, 40:

FATHER MORALES (CONT'D)

-in the hope that she will rejoice and be at peace in the love of Christ.

Alvarez's wife, Sandy, glares at-

-Dr. Malak Ubel and his nurse Daeva Mauvais holding hands under a tree a distance away from the group of mourners.

Father Morales sprinkles holy water on Lía's coffin.

He and the group make the sign of the cross. He steps back.

FATHER MORALES (CONT'D)

Julia, dear, would you like to say a few words? I know you were close.

Sandy scowls at Julia. Alvarez looks down at his shoes. Julia shoots Sandy a "fuck you" look... Then chokes-up.

JULIA

Um, yes, Father Pete. Thank you.

She steps forward. Places her trembling hand on Lía's coffin.

JULIA

(teary eyes)

We had our time. The time was ours.
 With soft hands and gentle hearts.
 Where you had me. And I was yours.
 Your eyes sparkled lightning, deep
 into my soul. And enflamed my heart.
 I awoke on fire. Knowing, who I am.
 That you and I, are Eternally One.
 As we will always be, even though
 apart. Our love is free and pure.
 Of infinite essence. Connecting me
 to you, and you to me. An arterial
 lifeline, from your heavenly soul
 to my earthbound heart. Melding us
 together, in God's love, forever.

Sheriff Alvarez glances at Sandy, who glares at Julia.

Frank steps forward and puts his arm around Julia. She cries.

PAN from Lía's grave...to Frank's Wife's adjacent headstone:

Familia Lo Es Todo
 Family Is Everything
MALENA KERNAN
 1985 - 2020

Then next to Malena's, Frank's Father's headstone:

Family Love Is Eternal
MICHAEL KERNAN
 1959 - 1997

Next to Michael's, Frank's Mother's headstone:

Loving And So Loved
 Mother And Wife
SOFÍA KERNAN
 1961 - 1997

Next to Sofía's, Frank's Sister's headstone:

Our Family Forever
 Beloved Daughter and Sister
MARY MARGARET KERNAN
 1983 -

Next to Mary's is a HEADSTONE wrapped in BLACK PLASTIC.

We move to Ubel and Mauvais holding hands under the tree.

FRANK
(to Lobo)
Sic 'em.

Lobo instantly bolts toward Dr. Ubel and Nurse Mauvais.

TREE

Ubel and Mauvais see the big dog attacking, fangs out. They panic--run to Mauvais' white SUV, quickly enter, close doors just as Lobo leaps up--SMASHES against the side of the SUV BARKING ferociously. Her eyes are fiery, her fangs gleam.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. DINER - MORNING

A few Ranchers and Women sit at tables talking.

Frank and Alvarez sit at a booth in the corner sipping coffee.

ALVAREZ
F.R.A.'s investigating the crash.
I liked the guy. Not much of a bedside manner though. Rough edges.
Heard he was kicked out of Marfa.
Caught diddling the Mayor's wife.

FRANK
A clear violation of the Hippocratic Oath.

ALVAREZ
There were skid marks from his tires. Through the gate, to the tracks, at the point of impact.

MAGDA, 60s, brings Alvarez his breakfast plate, sets it in front of him. She refills their coffees.

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)
Gracias, Magda. The skid marks were superficial. Not a hard, stopping skid. Know what I mean? More like a slide. Like he was pushed, while he had his brakes on.

FRANK
(sips coffee)
Pushed?

ALVAREZ
Who would push him into the train?

FRANK
The Mayor of Marfa?

ALVAREZ
(smiles)
Yeah.

Alvarez takes a bite of food.

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)
Where were you last night, before I
saw you here?

FRANK
I was actually out on Old Alpine.
Saw the train coming and the gates
dropping. So I made a "U-ie" and
went home.
(sips coffee)
Passed Daeva on the way. Driving
like a bat out of hell.

ALVAREZ
Odd that you and Ubel were both out
there. At the same time.

FRANK
Yeah. What a coincidence. Maybe the
Doc was headed to Marfa for another
fuck-around with the Mayor's wife.

ALVAREZ
Maybe he was. Where were you going,
Frank? Nothing's out there but
darkness.

Frank gets up slowly. Lays cash on the table.

FRANK
Yep.
(walks away)
I changed my mind.

Frank walks toward the door-

ALVAREZ

About what?

(louder)

Mind if I look at your truck?

FRANK

Anytime, John.

ALVAREZ

(to himself)

Daeva.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY (LATER)

Frank pulls into the driveway and parks. He exits his truck just as Julia's car drives in and parks behind him.

Julia exits her car.

JULIA

Hey Frank.

FRANK

(turns to her)

Hey Julia.

Julia slides a box out from her car's rear passenger seat.

She walks past the bed of Frank's truck and glances into it:

Her view of the two side mounted tool boxes and the empty bed.

She takes the box to Frank. She's sad.

JULIA

Lía left these. Some of her things.

I thought I'd keep them. To have...

But they belong to you.

Julia passes the box to Frank.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Heard the Doc checked out last

night. Fucker beat me to it.

Julia goes back to her car. She leans in and takes out several hangers holding Lía's dresses.

JULIA (CONT'D)

These are harder to part with. I can still smell her, her scent.

(sniffs a dress)

Like she's still here. You know?

FRANK

I'd like to think that she is.

JULIA

Yeah... I saw you last night.

Julia sets Lía's dresses on the hood of her car.

FRANK

Yep. The pie was a little dry. But I managed to choke it down.

Julia walks to the front of Frank's pickup truck:

JULIA

Three days old. The crust actually tastes better when it's stale.

She looks closely at the truck's front bumper:

JULIA (CONT'D)

The degradation of the butter, salt and sugar makes it taste better.

Her view of the flawless bumper. She runs her hand over it:

JULIA (CONT'D)

After the pie, Frank. At Daeva's.

Frank opens the door to his house and holds it open. Lobo runs out through the doorway, excitedly jumps up on Frank. He pets her. She drops down and runs to Julia.

JULIA (CONT'D)

(pets her warmly)

How's my pretty little beast?

Happy Lobo barks at her. Licks her face.

FRANK

Yeah. I was over there.

JULIA

You killed the Doc, too.

FRANK
 (to Lobo)
 Inside.

Lobo licks Frank's hand as she passes and enters the house.

Frank stands calmly looking at Julia. She picks up the dresses from the hood of her car. She smells them. Tears in her eyes.

Frank holds the door open for Julia. She doesn't move.

JULIA
 My theory is that Daeva shoved the Doc's car into the train. Then feeling an overwhelming sense of guilt, she hanged herself in the dying room.
 (smiles through tears)
 See what I did there? Living room, dying room? What do you think?

FRANK
 I think, Julia, that you've always been smarter than the rest of us.

Frank lets the door close.

JULIA
 Daeva must've been super angry at him. For what? What's her motive?

FRANK
 You want to come in? Have a coffee, or a coke? We can work on it.

JULIA
 (hesitates)
 Sure... Are you going to kill me, Frank? Like the others?

Frank opens the door. Julia walks close to him, and stops.

JULIA (CONT'D)
 (sad; sincere)
 Because if you do. I wouldn't mind.
 (tearing)
 It's unbearable without her. Just make it quick. Okay?

FRANK

One day, Julia, you might have been my daughter-in-law. My family. Lía was the most happy she's ever been. When she was with you.

He smooths away her tears. She hugs him. He hugs her back.

JULIA

Okay, Frank.

(small smile)

She didn't leave a note. So nobody would know her true motive for killing Dr. Ubel.

FRANK

Daeva?

JULIA

Yeah. So I wrote one.

She smiles and enters the house.

Concerned, Frank follows her in and closes the door.

PRE-LAP: The sound of a GAVEL STRIKE on a hardwood block. Then the sounds of people MURMURING and a WOMAN CRYING.

INT. COURTROOM - PECOS COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

The superior white Prosecutor, BRAD WILLOUGHBY, 30, stands behind the prosecutor's table, trying to suppress a smirk as he gathers his files and loads them into his briefcase.

Adjacent to Willoughby's table the stone-faced Jury of six white Men and six white Women file out of the jury box.

SUPER: 24 YEARS AGO

Behind the rail in the first row, standing puzzled with suppressed anger is the Kernan Family--YOUNG FRANK, 16, YOUNG MARY, 14, and their Irish father, MIKE KERNAN, 38. Their clothes are old, neat and clean.

Just beyond the rail in front of them, Young Frank's Mexican mother, SOFÍA KERNAN, 36, sobs in her chair at the Defense table. Her Public Defender, Ángel Acosta tends to her.

Prosecutor Willoughby turns around, faces the Kernan family:

WILLOUGHBY
 (arrogantly)
 She should've gotten ten. Count
 your blessings.

MIKE KERNAN
 (suppressed rage)
 You're a dead man, Brad.

WILLOUGHBY
 (chuckles)
 Like I've never heard that before.
 When I become Mayor, Mr. Kernan,
 I'm going to imprison every white
 man like you who soils our pristine
 race by intermarrying the filthy
 Mexican beaners who produce mongrel
 offspring. Like your children here.

YOUNG FRANK
 (stunned)
 The fuck you just say?

Willoughby dismissively SNAPS SHUT his briefcase and grins.

Mike jumps the rail, punches the shit out of Willoughby. Young Frank goes over the rail punching and kicking him. The court's MARSHALL billy clubs Young Frank down to the floor.

YOUNG MARY (V.O.)
 (screams)
 Stop it! Dad, Frank! Stop!

Mike and bloody Willoughby down on the floor, Mike strangles him, then- a GUNSHOT.

SILENCE... Sofía screams hysterically. Young Mary sobs.

YOUNG FRANK
 Dad?!

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Darkened. We see the shadowed silhouette of a Woman on her knees, leaning forward, away from the bunk's bed frame. In the darkness, we think we see a thin ripped bedsheet wrapped around her neck leading up to the upper bunk's bedframe.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. DAEVA MAUVAIS' HOUSE - MORNING

Coroner's van is parked next to Sheriff Alvarez's squad car.

Flat-bed tow truck behind Mauvais' white SUV in the driveway.

Alvarez crouches near the front bumper of Mauvais' SUV.

He holds the broken bottom section of the license plate frame- (that Frank placed on the pavement at the railroad crossing) up to the top piece of the frame secured to the SUV's bumper. It's a perfect fit. Black gouges are scraped into the white bumper on each side of the frame.

Alvarez waves over the Police Photographer. He points to the license plate frame and bumper gouges. Photographer takes a series of shots of the frame and bumper.

Alvarez points at the Tow Truck Driver.

ALVAREZ

Take it.

Tow Truck Driver attaches a cable and hook from the truck's winch to the underframe of the rear of the SUV.

CORONER wheels a gurney out the front door. Mauvais' body is on it covered with a sheet. He wheels it to Alvarez and stops.

CORONER

Probable suicide.

ALVAREZ

Yeah.

CORONER

No signs of a struggle.

(sad)

Sorry about the note John.

Coroner pushes the gurney toward his van.

Alvarez holds a piece of PAPER in a clear evidence bag. Deputy Serrano exits Mauvais' front door and walks to Alvarez.

SERRANO

Her note, huh? What's it say?

In the b.g., Coroner loads the gurney into the rear of the van. He closes the doors.

ALVAREZ

She killed Ubel because he was cheating on her... with Sandy.

SERRANO

Oh snap, your wife! And the Doctor?
Oh, my, god! That is nasty. Maybe you killed Ubel. They say it's always the husband, right? I solved it!

Alvarez stares death at him.

ALVAREZ

(seething)
Close, your fucking mouth.

Serrano immediately shuts down.

SERRANO

Sorry, John. No filter.

Alvarez looks like his spirit left him.

EXT. TOWN BAR - NIGHT (LATER)

Alvarez's Sheriff's car is parked in front. Frank's pickup truck is parked next to it.

INT. TOWN BAR - NIGHT

Frank and Alvarez sit next to each other at the bar. Six empty shot glasses sit in front of Alvarez. He downs his seventh shot of tequila, sets the glass on the bar. A half-glass of flat Coke sits in front of Frank.

FRANK

Seven's a good number. C'mon, I'll drive you home.

ALVAREZ

(drunk)
No. Ally, anohter one, over here!

Bartender, ALLY, 30, comes over:

ALLY

(smiles warmly)
John, you look good right now.
Like you accomplished your goal.

FRANK

I'll drive you, John. C'mon.

ALVAREZ

If I stop drinking, I'll have to start thinking! And I don't want to think about her. With him. I have to kill them, the images. Black 'em out. Too bad he's already dead.

FRANK

(slides off stool)

Let's go, John. A little sleep will go a long way. Manage it tomorrow.

ALVAREZ

Just because we were friends in school doesn't mean we're friends now. You did some bad shit, Frank.

Frank helps move Alvarez off his stool to his feet.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Do you want to go home, or to the Super 8?

ALVAREZ

I'm fine! I can walk. Get off me.

(sways)

Fuck. You're like a cheap suit. Take me home.

Frank puts a fifty dollar bill on the bar.

FRANK

Thanks, Ally.

ALVAREZ

See what she has to say.

Ally smiles at Frank.

Frank and Alvarez head out the door.

INT. FRANK'S PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Frank drives. Alvarez is drunk in the passenger seat.

ALVAREZ

I know what you did, Frank.

FRANK

You do, huh?

ALVAREZ

(smirks)

Everybody knows. Nobody says anything. But they understand. They're afraid of you. I'm not afraid.

FRANK

No reason to be... Understand what?

ALVAREZ

You know, Frank. We all know.

Alvarez's view of Plastic Jesus sitting on the dashboard.

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)

(points to Plastic Jesus)

He knows, too. He sees everything.

Frank looks at Alvarez.

Alvarez picks up Plastic Jesus. Examines the scuffs and scrapes. He touches the right wrist with no hand.

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)

He fought the battles. Won the war.
For us. But he lost his hand, Frank.

Frank notices the missing hand.

FRANK

Yeah. He's been through some shit.

Alvarez sets Plastic Jesus back on the dashboard.

ALVAREZ

Maybe it'll grow back. So he can
bless you. If you pray really hard.

FRANK

Prayers don't work, John.

ALVAREZ

No. They don't.

Alvarez stares blankly out the windshield.

Frank turns into the driveway at Alvarez's house. He parks.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - ALVAREZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ALVAREZ
(despondent)
She's been cheating on me. For
years. You knew, right?

FRANK
Yes.

ALVAREZ
She doesn't love Julia. Hates her.
Because she's gay. Her own daughter.

FRANK
Yeah. That ain't right.

Frank exits the truck. Walks around to Alvarez's door.

Alvarez's door is open. Frank helps him out. They walk
together to the front door.

The lights in the house are on. Bright beige drapes are closed
across the front room windows.

ALVAREZ
I found his right hand.

They get to the front door.

FRANK
Whose right hand?

ALVAREZ
(sad)
Jesus.

Alvarez pulls the evidence bag from his pocket. Hands it to
Frank. Inside the bag is Plastic Jesus's tiny hand. Frank is
stunned.

ALVAREZ (CONT'D)
I know you did it, Frank.
(hugs him)
Thank you for that.

The door opens. Sandy, drunk, stands there looking at them.

Frank looks at Alvarez. Then at Sandy.

FRANK
Hi Sandy.

Alvarez passes by Sandy as he enters the house:

ALVAREZ
(depressed)
I was a good cop.

SANDY
(smiles seductively)
Hi Frank. Thanks for bringing him
home. We should get to-

ALVAREZ (O.S.)
Sandy!

Frank shakes his head.

SANDY
(turns her head)
Are you okay, John?

She closes the door.

Frank walks to his truck. He looks back at the house.

Julia drives into the driveway and parks.

Frank turns toward her.

She gets out of her car and walks to Frank.

JULIA
What're you doing here?

FRANK
Brought John home. He had-

MUTED GUNSHOT from inside the house.

Frank and Julia turn toward the house.

MUTED GUNSHOT--blood splatters the lit up beige drapes pulled
across the front windows.

EXT. SEMI-TRAILER TRUCK - FRANK'S RANCH - MORNING

Ranch foreman, JOSÉ, early-40s, with a pistol on his hip, swings the trailer's rear doors closed and locks them.

José TAPS the side of the trailer. The truck pulls away.

It drives down the dirt road toward the ranch gate. Dust kicks up from its tires and blows in the wind as it approaches the steel and stone front gate.

The wrought iron sign above the gate-- "KERNAN FAMILY RANCH."

José walks to Frank who stands near his pickup truck with a metal attaché case in his hand.

In the b.g., we see a dozen GREENHOUSES. Eleven Mexican Men stand near them. (The same Mexican Men + José that were at Lía's funeral.) AR-15 rifles lean against a greenhouse wall.

Frank hands the case to José. Then takes a piece of paper out of his pocket and hands it to him. José looks it over.

FRANK

Allocate cash and equipment to
the crew accordingly... Burn the
rest of it to the ground.

JOSÉ

(nods)

Where are you going, Frank?

FRANK

Take care of Mary. You'll get a
call soon. There's a place for her
next to my Mother.

JOSÉ

(thoughtful)

Mary... yes. Sure.

A couple moments pass.

JOSÉ

Need any help? We would-

FRANK

-Nope.

José nods.

JOSÉ
Anyone in particular?

FRANK
Yep.

José nods.

They bro-hug.

Frank walks to his pickup truck, gets in and drives down the dirt road toward the gate. His tires kick up a dust whirl.

José and the Mexican Men watch him go. Their view of Frank's truck as it disappears beyond the dust.

EXT. PARKING LOT - HOSPITAL - DAY

Frank's gray pickup truck is parked near the entrance.

SUPER: PERMIAN BEHAVIORAL HOSPITAL - MIDLAND, TEXAS

Lobo sits in the pickup truck's bed on a cushion between the two metal side mount tool boxes. Her head pokes through the open rear window into the passenger cabin.

INT. VISITORS ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

The garbled sounds of multiple conversations heard intermixed with crying, screaming, pleading. Cacaphonic aural hell.

We find Frank sitting at a small table. Depressed. Across from him, with her hands resting on the table top, is Frank's obese sister, MARY, 38. She's secured in her wheel-chair with a strap across her chest. She's out of it, sedated on atypical antipsychotic medications. She speaks jumbled thoughts slowly.

MARY
And, Mom. She was... uh, then, back then I mean. So much... love. Long now in heaven. I... you know, Frank? Just, Dad. And he, I really loved Dad... but, the temper. He's with Mom now. Both, in heaven. Yeah, long time... Jesus takes me... I pray... to God, to take me...
(frightened; teary)
I'm not really here. Anymore, Frank. You know?

Her hands shake. She looks at him, like she's waiting to be saved. Pleading with him with her frightened hazy eyes.

MARY (CONT'D)

(firm)

Not here! This... it's all, fake.

Frank slides his hand across the table top. He touches Mary's hand. Mary puts her hand on his, and weakly smiles at him.

Frank slides his hand back. Mary's hand slides down over a pill (that Frank slid across the table under his hand). She closes her fingers around it, looks down at her closed hand.

Frank stands. He walks to her. He gets on one knee and hugs her. Whispers in her ear:

FRANK

(sadly)

I love you, Mary. I will always be with you. We will always be a family. You, and me, Mom and Dad, and Lía. Forever. Together.

He kisses her teary wet cheek and stands.

MARY

(fearful)

Take me, Frank?

Frank walks to the door, looks back at her, and exits.

MARY (CONT'D)

Good bye.

She glances around. Looks down. And secretly opens her hand.

PRE-LAP MUSIC: Ryan Bingham's song "Southside of Heaven" plays over--

The pill is in Mary's palm. She closes her fingers around it.

EXT. TEXAS HIGHWAY - DAY

The highway cuts through flat dry rough Texas hill country at the far edge of what used to be the old "Cotton Kingdom."

We see a sign indicating-- "Route 87."

Frank's gray pickup truck passes by the sign headed south.

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - HIGHWAY - DAY

MUSIC: Ryan Bingham's song "Southside of Heaven" continues playing from the radio.

Frank drives. Lobo's head protrudes through the sliding rear window and rests on the top of the seatback under the two racked rifles. Her eyes are closed. Her fur gently ripples in the wind.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MUSIC: Ryan Bingham's song "Southside of Heaven" continues-

The dining room table is set for three people, same as before. The shiny plates, glasses and silverware on a clean, white linen tablecloth. They glow in an orange haze.

The framed Family Photo of smiling Frank, Malena and Lía hangs on the wall near the table--lit with flashing orange light.

Fire spreads across the floor. It crawls up the dining room table legs. The white linen tablecloth catches fire. Flames quickly spread and burn. The plates, glasses and silverware burn black... and CRACK.

Flames creep up the wall to the Family Photo. The fire licks the frame, sneaks under the glass and engulfs the picture. It falls to the floor. The glass SHATTERS.

The flaming photo paper curls. The faces of Frank, Malena and Lía melt and disappear. The paper turns black. Then to ash.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC: "Southside of Heaven" continues-

The house is ABLAZE. The fire whirl spirals above it like a hellish twister. Embers SNAP and POP. The roof falls in. Ashes swirl and float. The outer walls cave in. The Kernan home is a funeral pyre, discharging its spirit into the universe.

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - HIGHWAY - DAY

MUSIC: "Southside of Heaven" continues playing from the radio.

Frank drives. Lobo's head juts through the rear sliding window and rests on the seatback, same as before.

Julia sits in the passenger seat, asleep, with her head resting against her folded black hoodie and the side window.

Her eyes open. She looks out the side window at the-

Flat dry scrubland passing by. Julia's parents, Sandy and John, appear standing on the shoulder. Sandy has a crusty red bullet hole in her forehead. John has one in his temple.

They turn their heads as Julia passes. Their staring lifeless eyes follow her. They raise their hands and wave.

Julia closes her eyes.

EXT. MOTEL - SUNSET

Frank's pickup truck is parked at the far end of the building.

SUPER: EAST AUSTIN, TEXAS

Frank exits a room, the last room, with Lobo on a leash.

They walk through the parking lot, pass the front lobby of the motel and disappear around the corner.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SUNSET (SAME TIME)

Two duffel bags: one green, one black, sit on luggage racks. Two backpacks on the floor. A rifle bag stands in the corner. Julia sits at the room's desk tapping keys on her laptop.

She scrolls through PHOTOS on her social media account.

CLOSE ON PHOTOS of Lía and Julia:

- in bathing suits at a beach
- smiling, eating ice cream cones
- laughing, smashing the ice cream into each other's faces
- licking the ice cream off each other's faces
- smiling and kissing, in love
- laughing, then crying, because they're laughing so hard

Julia DELETES her account. Closes the laptop. Sits still.

She stares out the window at the setting sun...

She is overcome with emotion. She ERUPTS. Enraged, she SMASHES her fists on the desk top, over and over. She gets up and SLAMS the chair over. She SCREAMS. And collapses on the bed, POUNDING the mattress with her fists and feet. HYSTERICAL. CRYING. WAILING... Sobbing... Subdued whimpering... Silence.

The sun has set. Darkness fills the room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

The room is dark.

The door opens. Frank quietly enters with Lobo and a bag of fast food. Lobo sits. Frank looks around the darkened room at-

The overturned chair. Then quickly at the rifle bag leaning against the wall in the corner.

He unleashes Lobo, gives her a treat, Lobo eats it.

FRANK

Good girl.

He sees the dark shape of Julia under the cover on the bed.

Frank picks up the overturned chair. Closes the drapes. Turns on the desk lamp.

Lobo walks to the bed close to Julia and sits. She looks curiously at Julia. She puts her nose on Julia's hip. She nuzzles her leg. Julia doesn't respond. She nuzzles again.

FRANK

(softly)

Julia?

Frank goes to her. Lobo nuzzles her. No response.

Concerned, he gently places his hand on Julia's forehead, looking down at her with empathy.

He moves away. Turns the light off. Sits in the chair. And watches her.

Lobo lays down next to Frank. Her eyes focused on Julia.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Julia, laying on the bed, awakes startled, shrouded in the sheet. She flinches, momentarily unaware of her surroundings. Lobo quickly goes to her and licks her face.

JULIA
(relieved)
Oh, Lobo.

She untangles herself from the sheets, sits on the edge of the bed. She looks around while petting Lobo, who licks her face.

Frank enters the room with a bag of doughnuts and two coffees.

FRANK
(smiles)
Hey.

JULIA
Hey.

He hands her a coffee and sets the doughnuts on the bed.

JULIA
Thank you.

He continues to the rifle bag in the corner. Takes it to the other bed, lays it down, unzips it and opens it revealing the two sniper rifles that had been in the truck's rifle rack:

FRANK
Can you shoot?

JULIA
Junior Marksman, Texas State Rifle
Association. Many awards. Thank you.

FRANK
(smiles)
Good. Get dressed.

Julia takes a sip of coffee and slides off the bed. She walks to the green duffel bag, pulls out clean clothes, walks into the bathroom and closes the door.

Frank takes the two rifles out of the bag and lays them on the bed. He pulls out a cloth and barrel cleaning rod.

EXT. PARKING LOT - PECOS COUNTY HOSPITAL - DAY

Frank's gray pickup truck is parked crookedly in a space.

INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Frank stares through the room's window into the room. He does not wear a face mask. He is a volatile mix of drunk, angry and sad. Tears fill his eyes. Anger erupts...

We hear: EMERGENCY! CODE GRAY! CODE GRAY! 4th FLOOR. CODE GRAY!

In the b.g., we see two masked Security Guards sprawled out on the hallway floor, unconscious. Further behind the Security Guards, at the Nurse's Station, masked Nurses huddle together in fear.

Frank stares through the plexiglass window into the room at his barely recognizable wife, MALENA, laying dead-still in bed hooked up to a feeding tube, IV tubes and a ventilator.

We see the same framed Kernan Family Photo on Malena's bedside table showing Frank, Malena and Lía smiling together.

Cowering behind Malena is the terrified Dr. Malak Ubel.

HALLWAY

FRANK

(pounds on window)

Malena! Let me in, Ubel! You mother-fucker! Unlock the fucking door!

ELEVATOR

LÍA and JULIA, 17, wearing face masks, exit the elevator. They look around, surprised by the emergency situation in progress. They look down the hallway-

-at Frank standing, POUNDING on Malena's room window.

HALLWAY

Frank moves away from the window and SMASHES his big body into the locked door-- over and over--

Lía runs toward Frank. Julia follows her.

LÍA

Dad! Daddy!

INSIDE MALENA'S ROOM

We hear Frank REPEATEDLY SMASHING into the door.

The frightened coward, Dr. Ubel, hides behind Malena's bed.

HALLWAY

Three POLICEMEN run down the hall behind Julia toward Frank.

MALENA'S ROOM

Frank BUSTS the door open--RAVING--he runs at Ubel. He's inches away from grasping his neck--the Policemen tackle Frank to the floor. They struggle. Frank HOWLS with anger & anguish.

Malena's vital signs on her monitor FLATLINE...EEEEEEEEEE-

Lía and Julia enter the room. Lía runs to Malena's side. She hugs her sobbing as-

-the Policemen drag Frank toward the room doorway--he violently struggles with them to get to Malena--Doctors and Nurses rush through the doorway past them to attend to Malena.

FRANK

Malena! Malena! I love you!

Julia cowers against the wall in the corner. She slides down the wall to the floor in a state of catatonic shock.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. ISOLATED HILL COUNTRY - OUTSIDE AUSTIN - DAY

Serene. Golden prairie. Baby blue sky. Puffy clouds. Heavenly.

Two large orange PUMPKINS sit next to each other on a log.

The left pumpkin's STEM EXPLODES--we hear the GUNSHOT (sound travels slower than the bullet).

We see multiple bullet holes in both pumpkins.

FRANK (O.S.)

Stem is extra points.

JULIA (O.S.)

The hell it is. It's a stem!

ZOOM away from the pumpkins two hundred feet up range to-

-Frank and Julia laying side-by-side on their bellies on the motel blanket.

Frank rests the barrel of his rifle on the black duffel bag as he aims it downrange at the left pumpkin. Julia rests the barrel of her rifle on the duffel bag as she aims it downrange at the right pumpkin.

They alternate SHOTS. They each hit the pumpkins several times.

Julia's turn: she FIRES-

ZOOM on the right PUMPKIN: WHIZZZ- No penetration. A miss.

BACK to Frank and Julia:

JULIA

Dammit.

FRANK

I win.

JULIA

It was a faulty cartridge!

They both rise to their feet.

In the b.g., we see Frank's parked pickup truck. The tailgate lays flat with the open rifle case lying on it.

FRANK

Nope. You missed. Own it.

Frank walks to the pickup truck:

JULIA

I'm not going.

Julia follows Frank to the truck:

FRANK

You lost. Honor your wager.

JULIA

You've had more practice.

FRANK

You said you made Marksman Level in the T.S.R.A. Did you?

JULIA

We were supposed to go together. Be roommates. I'm not going alone!

FRANK

Lía asked you to go. Alone. If it came to... what it came to. I was there when Lía said it to you. You agreed.

(sincere)

You have to go. You're smart-

JULIA

(angry)

-I can't go there, alone! I want to go with you!

FRANK

You can't. I have a one-way ticket.

Julia gently lays her rifle onto the open padded rifle bag and gets into the truck. She SLAMS her door closed.

Frank puts his rifle onto the bag next to Julia's, folds the bag closed and zips it up.

Lobo walks over to Frank with a bloody WILD TURKEY clenched in her bloody jaws. She drops it at his feet.

FRANK

(pets her head)

For me? Bless your sweet heart.

Lobo leaps into the bed. Frank tosses the turkey to her.

He closes the tailgate.

EXT. GRAVE SITE - CEMETERY (SAME AS BEFORE) - DAY

As before, looking sharp in black cowboy hats, expensive black clothing, Mexican jewelry and polished cowboy boots, José and the Eleven Mexican Men from Frank's ranch gather around the grave site. They are the only mourners.

They stand near a mahogany coffin set above an open grave listening to the conclusion of the eulogy by Father Morales:

FATHER MORALES
-we hope dear Mary will rejoice and
find peace in the eternal love of
Christ.

Father Morales sprinkles holy water on Mary's coffin.

José and the Mexican Men make the sign of the cross.

PAN away from Mary's grave to the now ripped and loosened BLACK PLASTIC wrapping on the adjacent HEADSTONE that we saw at Lía's funeral. The plastic wrapping becomes detached. And with the help of a godly gust of wind it blows off revealing:

ETERNAL LOVE FOR FAMILY
Beloved Husband, Father
Brother & Son
FRANK KERNAN
1981 - 2021
Vengeance Will Be Mine

EXT. BUTANA'S HOUSE - MORNING

An overweight bureaucratic man in his mid-50s, ANTHONY BUTANA, dressed business casual, exits the front door of his house wearing a mask.

He walks to his car parked in the driveway. He gets in, reverses out of the driveway and drives down the road.

He passes Frank's gray pickup truck parked a few houses away.

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - DAY

Frank's in the driver seat. He glances at Butana as he drives past. Frank exits the truck.

EXT. BUTANA'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank walks to the front door.

He wears clear latex gloves. He RINGS the doorbell and waits... RINGS again... no answer.

He walks from the front of the house around the corner to the-

REAR OF THE HOUSE

Frank walks toward the rear door.

An INTERNET CABLE leads through a wall into the house.

Frank gets to the rear door, tries the door knob, it's locked. He takes out lock pick tools, inserts them into the lock... unlocks the door. He enters the house and closes the door.

INT. BUTANA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Frank walks to the refrigerator, opens it. He takes out the orange juice jug and sets it on the counter.

He goes to the room where the internet cable is installed in-

BUTANA'S HOME OFFICE

A WiFi ROUTER sits on a shelf near a desk.

Frank picks up the router, turns it over.

CLOSE on the router's sticker showing the NETWORK PASSWORD.

He takes out his phone, taps WiFi Connections, taps in the WiFi password...joins Butana's home network.

Frank's phone screen shows Butana's apps and folders on his network. Frank taps the "Ring Doorbell" app, it opens. He taps the "Front Door" icon, selects the Front Door entry showing the timestamp of Frank's video presence at Butana's front door. He taps "Delete." The entry disappears. He taps the "Disarm" icon that deactivates Butana's Front Door camera. Frank exits the room and walks to the-

KITCHEN

He enters, takes the cap off the orange juice jug. He takes a plastic TUBE from his jacket, unscrews the cap and pours a clear liquid into the jug. He replaces the cap, shakes the juice and sets it back inside the refrigerator.

He walks to the rear door, locks the door knob, and pulls the door closed as he exits.

PRE-LAP MUSIC: The Yeah Yeah Yeahs acoustic version of their song "Soft Shock" plays over-

EXT. FRONT OF BUTANA'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank comes around from the rear of the house. He walks to his truck, gets in and drives away.

EXT. EAST MALL - UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS - AUSTIN - MORNING

MUSIC: Yeah Yeah Yeahs song "Soft Shock" continues over-

A cruising DRONE'S EYE VIEW over Lady Bird Lake, the Texas State Capitol, the expansive three hundred and fifty acre University of Texas campus, its rust-colored brick buildings, the three hundred foot UT Tower and the thousands of two hundred year-old sprawling live oaks.

Students, Parents and Dogs walk along the campus's East Mall.

We find Julia and Lía walking together along the cobblestones under the mall's natural canopy of leafy oak trees.

They talk excitedly and laugh as they walk. They hold hands. Then, in a moment of silliness, they start skipping together.

They realize People are staring. They stop skipping and laugh:

LÍA

I can't wait until we come here
for real. I love it!

JULIA

I know! It's heavenly. We'll finally
be left alone, to be ourselves. Our
dream came true, Lía.

They smile, hug, smooch and laugh giddily. They cheerfully walk on, hold hands, then begin skipping... the song cuts as Lía slowly dissolves from the shot...

Julia now wears a Longhorns backpack and walks alone.

She sadly walks toward a campus building.

A blue sign with white lettering indicates--

**University of Texas
AEROSPACE ENGINEERING BUILDING**

She walks to the entrance, enters the building.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Class is in session. The seating area slopes down toward the PROFESSOR, who looks like a rumpled Kurt Vonnegut, standing at a huge chalkboard. A handful of Students dot the seating area.

Julia sits alone in the last row looking downcast.

PROFESSOR

For my initial BCs, I apply a zero-displacement BC in the vertical direction on the bottom of the specimen. My first step is a geo-static step, in which I apply the confining pressure.

Julia doodles hearts on her notebook. She adds Lía's name inside the hearts. She draws an arrow through them.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

For my second step, I converge as long as my stress state is within the yield surface. However, if I apply a pressure that causes the stress state to reach the yield surface, the simulation will not converge... Wake up people! Question! How can I achieve convergence using a load-controlled BC?! Tick-tock! Do you even belong here?!

PAN the baffled eight Students in the expansive seating area. They look down hoping to not be called on by the Professor.

PROFESSOR

Anyone? Jesus H. Christ! Bueller?

Julia stops doodling. She looks around at her fellow Students.

JULIA

(stands; self-conscious)
Using the stabilization techniques in the ABAQUS manual will likely cause the ratio of your static dissipation energy to, uh, be too high. Which is probably an indication of excessive damping energy in comparison to internal strain energy.

PROFESSOR
Speak up, please!

JULIA
(clears throat; louder)
Okay... I think that NLGEOM would have to be specified in an analysis like this, where the stress state exceeds the yield surface and large deformations can occur.

PROFESSOR
(intrigued)
Yes! Go on!

JULIA
Uh, sure... a negative eigenvalue P_i means that the load factor P_i requires opposite direction of the initially assumed proportional load direction. Like, so if you analyze a beam in axial traction "F", you will obtain its critical Euler Load, which is: $P_{cr} = P_i * F$ with P_i negative.

Julia glances around self-consciously. And slowly sits down.

The Students stare at Julia with wonderment and curiosity.

Professor takes off his glasses and squints as he tries to focus on Julia sitting in the top row of the seating area.

PROFESSOR
(loudly)
What is your name, please?!

JULIA
(anxiously)
Um, Julia. Julia Alvarez!

Professor puts his glasses on. He looks at his class sheet.

PROFESSOR
Oh, yes. Julia... The genius from West Texas. Welcome to my class!
(glasses off; squints)
Julia, that is correct! Come down to the board, please, and illustrate your solution for us... C'mon down!

Julia looks around awkwardly. Her anxiety increases. She picks up her backpack, stands, exits her row toward the aisle.

Two adults sit in the row in front of her. Parts of their heads are blown-out, crusty, bloody. It's Sandy and John. They turn their ghostly white faces toward Julia as she passes by.

Julia flinches, quickly walks past them to the aisle.

JULIA

I'm sorry, uh, Sir. But I, have to-

She exits the aisle and quickly walks toward the rear exit-

PROFESSOR

(excited)

Nobody gets that on the first day!

(yells)

Julia my dear?! Where are you going?!

She's gone.

EXT. FRANK'S RENTAL HOUSE - EAST AUSTIN - NIGHT

Frank's truck is parked in the driveway. The rundown house is a small two bedroom bungalow in need of paint and new windows.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Frank stands at the counter cutting bloody meat into bite size chunks. He puts them into Lobo's bowl and sets it on the floor. Lobo attacks the bowl, loudly devours the bloody meat.

Frank cleans off the carving board and counter. He washes the board and his hands.

Julia enters with her backpack. She hangs in the doorway.

FRANK

How'd it go? Did you build a rocket?

JULIA

Dumb Dad joke, Frank.

FRANK

Yeah... How are your classes?

Julia lets go of her backpack. It drops to the floor. She forlornly walks to the kitchen door. And exits to the patio.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(loudly)
Do you want anything to eat? Or
drink?

EXT. PATIO

Julia sits on a chair. She slumps in her seat. Stares into
space...

JULIA
(softly)
No... Nothing.

INT. KITCHEN

Frank dries his hands, grabs a Coke from the fridge, exits out
to the patio as he pops open the Coke.

EXT. PATIO

FRANK
What happened?

JULIA
You'll be mad.

FRANK
Come on, I can take it.

Julia
Okay. I made an Irish exit.

FRANK
What? You're out? After one day?

JULIA
It was the middle of the day. So
technically, not one day.

FRANK
Julia, what happened?

JULIA
I can't do it, Frank.

FRANK
What does that mean?

JULIA
Any of it. It's not my world now.

FRANK

Tell me, Julia. Please.

Julia stands and walks to the edge of the patio.

JULIA

You probably won't get this, Frank.

(sighs)

But, I think about, suicide. Every day... Right now. Before now. And before that. Get it? I'm way past depression. That was just a brief rest stop on the highway to not giving a fuck. About anything. I'm smarter than just about everybody. Mensa smart. I can actually build a fucking rocket. Right here, in this yard. Elon would give me a job at SpaceX, without a degree... Who cares? Not me, Frank. Not anybody now. Lía cared...

I used to have a firestorm in my mind. Synaptic lightning bolts. When I woke up in the morning, thoughts and ideas lit up my mind like the Fourth of July. Now? It's a drought. My brain bounces around in my skull like a dried out tumbleweed. All I have upstairs is dust and hot wind. It's like West Texas in August.

FRANK

(soothing)

I get it. I know. I've been where you are. It's-

JULIA

-Have you? Really? Are you going to tell me a bullshit "keep your chin up" fable now about how things will work out and just keep trying to work through it, and don't worry Julia, it'll get better? It just takes time? Are you going to tell me that blah-blah-fucking-blah bullshit fairy tale, Frank? Cause I'd rather have a bullet, or a rope, or a train or a pill or a knife or a goddam fucking razor!

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

I have no fear of death. It's just a five letter word that's a synonym for doorway. And I've been banging on that door, Frank, every fucking minute for weeks now. Trying to figure out what key I want to use, to open it. To be with Lía again... Is that what you know?

FRANK

Yes... I know that.

JULIA

(tears; anger)

God! Fuck off with your "I know that" shit! Tell the truth, Frank. What do you really fucking know?!

FRANK

(quietly; sincere)

What I know, Julia, is this. That killing people who deserve to die, made my suicide problem go away.

JULIA

(calms down)

Oh.

FRANK

And, if you are so inclined, it might just work for you, too.

Julia's distraught expression evolves... into an epiphany.

JULIA

Jesus, Frank.

PRE-LAP MUSIC: Calexico's "Beautiful Fucking Day" plays over--

EXT. JUAN IN A MILLION TACO JOINT - EAST AUSTIN - MORNING

Frank and Julia exit the restaurant with breakfast tacos. They walk back to Frank's truck while chowing down on them.

They get to Frank's truck, get in and drive away.

EXT. STREETS - EAST AUSTIN - MORNING

MUSIC: Calexico's song "Beautiful Fucking Day" continues-

Frank drives. Julia's in the passenger seat. Rifle rack empty. They're smiling, upbeat, jamming on the song as they pass eclectic eastside bars, restaurants, clubs and murals:

MONTAGE

- "Before I Die" Garage Wall Mural
- Hotel Vegas Club
- "Rhapsody" Mural
- Domo-Alley Gato
- Franklin's Barbecue
- Outer Heaven Disco Club
- "Victory Grill" Mural
- The Eastern
- Whislars
- Shangri-La

END MONTAGE

The Calexico song ends.

Silence.

SLOW MOTION as they pass the "Til Death Do Us Part" MURAL.

Frank and Julia look at each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - MORNING (A LITTLE LATER)

Frank drives. Julia's in the passenger seat. They drive slowly through a quiet leafy middle-class Austin neighborhood.

Through the windshield we see huddled Neighbor People chatting with their dogs on leashes near a red Austin Firetruck.

We see a yellow Austin-Travis County Ambulance parked in front of a driveway with its rear doors open.

Frank slows as he approaches the Ambulance parked at-

EXT. BUTANA'S HOUSE

Two EMS Medics roll a gurney with an overweight BODY covered with a white sheet down the driveway toward the ambulance.

We see Butana's Wife and two Children in pajamas standing by the front door crying.

The EMS Medics roll the gurney to the rear of the Ambulance, load it inside as Frank slowly drives past-

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK

JULIA

Wow. That guy is *gone*.

Frank slowly increases his speed.

FRANK

Hopefully he was scared to death when he knew he was going out.

Julia looks at him.

JULIA

You know what happened?

FRANK

I spiked his orange juice with tetrodotoxin. TTX.

JULIA

Shit. Who was he?

FRANK

Anthony Butana. Head of Texas Health, who knowingly executed a murderous public health policy, and government protocols that paid hospitals tens of thousands of dollars to code patients with the disease. Whether they had it, or not. Doctors, they were also paid, to force patients to take Remdesivir, an untested highly lethal drug with sketchy efficacy. Paid again to put the patients they were killing with Remdesivir on ventilators. That killed them even faster.

(looks at Julia)

Like Malena. Hospitals were paid when any patients' cause of death was coded to the disease. This was a planned extinction event, Julia. Butana and Ubel murdered my wife, Malena. For money. Lots of it. Even though all she had was the fucking seasonal flu. And there was nothing I could do to stop them.

JULIA

Yeah, I remember that day at the hospital last year. Now I get it. But the orange juice? You could've killed his wife, and his kids?

FRANK

They're lucky... Mine are dead.

EXT. ZILKER PARK - AUSTIN - DAY

Lobo runs through the rolling park with other playful dogs. People play volleyball, football and soccer on the flagged off areas. Drones fly above. The Austin skyline is stunning.

Frank and Julia sit on a blanket vibing on the tranquil scene.

JULIA

I want to kill someone, Frank.
(looks around)
Someone that deserves it.

FRANK

Probably none of these people.

JULIA

(on her phone)
I found someone. He raped a teenage girl. And the judge released him. A repeater, deviant, sexual, predator. With no bail.

FRANK

Where's he live?

JULIA

(on phone)
Hold on... White Pages say, 5th and Oltorf. Here's his picture.

She shows Frank her phone screen. Frank nods his head.

Lobo runs to them with a bloody Rat Snake hanging from her mouth. She drops it in Julia's lap. Lobo smiles.

JULIA

Thanks Lobo. Hey, what's a snake's favorite programming language? Python.

Lobo licks Julia's face.

FRANK

Bad nerd joke. I'd give it a C++.

Julia smiles. She takes the snake by its head and sets it on the grass next to her. She and Frank get up.

EXT. 5TH STREET AT OLTORF - APARTMENT BUILDING - AUSTIN - NIGHT

Frank's pickup truck is parked near a bus stop across the street from a shabby apartment building. Low-income Residents and sketchy low-skill Criminals enter and exit the building.

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Frank's in the driver seat. Julia's in the passenger seat. They watch inbound and outbound People using the door of the building. They have a PHOTO of the RAPIST on their phones.

JULIA

(looks at phone)

Is that him? He looks close.

FRANK

(looks at his phone)

No.

JULIA

We could be here all night.

FRANK

Maybe days. You prepared for that?

JULIA

Fuck yeah. I'm fully prepared to punch this deviate's ticket.

FRANK

Okay. Good. Get comfortable.

Julia's view of the apartment building.

Frank looks at his phone screen and then-

-His view of a Guy exiting the apartment building.

FRANK

Maybe... no, not him.

JULIA
Probably his pedo brother.

The 105 MetroBus stops at the bus stop near Frank's truck.
Riders exit and walk off.

A guy resembling the Rapist walks in front of Frank's truck.
He crosses 5th Street walking toward the apartment building.

FRANK
I think-

JULIA
-That's him!

FRANK
Good. Now that we know where he
lives, we'll make a plan and-

-Julia's out of the truck--quickly walking behind RAPIST, 40s.

FRANK
Shit!

Frank gets out fast-

EXT. STREET

-He calmly crosses the street walking toward Julia who is
quickly gaining on the Rapist.

Julia walks up behind Rapist.

Rapist stops, turns and faces her:

RAPIST
(angry)
What the fuck, bitch?!

Julia swings her arm and SLAMS her fist against Rapist's ear.
His eyes open, then deaden.

She slowly slides a long thin ICE PICK SPIKE out of his ear.

He drops to his knees on the sidewalk. She thrusts the ice
pick spike through his eye--pulls it out. He falls over. Dead.

Frank stops in his tracks.

FRANK

Shit.

He hurries back across the street to the truck.

Julia looks around.

A Man and a Woman with their dog stare at her. They're confused about what they just saw.

They make eye contact with Julia.

The Man and Woman turn quickly and hurry away.

Julia runs across the street to the truck and gets in. The truck takes off with its headlights off heading north on 5th.

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Frank's in the driver seat. Julia's in the passenger seat.

FRANK

That was, too, abrupt!

(stern)

To mitigate risk, Julia, so I can finish my mission, we, you and me together, need to make a detailed plan. You can't just kill someone impulsively and assume that you, and me, will get away with it.

JULIA

(confident)

I just bought a one-way ticket into the next world, Frank. I'm booked on your flight. We're going there together.

Many moments pass...

FRANK

(acceptance)

Fine. But we follow my plan.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - EAST AUSTIN - NIGHT (LATER)

MUSIC: Los Lobos's song "Mas y Mas" plays over-

The door opens. Lobo runs out to the rear of the pickup truck parked in the driveway. She sits obediently and waits.

With urgency, Julia and Frank exit the front door carrying the two duffel bags, two backpacks and the rifle bag.

PICKUP TRUCK

Frank heaves the duffel bags and backpacks into the bed. He drops the tailgate. Lobo leaps into the bed.

Frank jumps into the truck bed, unlocks the casket-shaped side mount tool boxes, sets the duffels and backpacks in them, adds the rifle bag and locks them.

Julia slides into the passenger seat. Frank closes the tailgate, gets into the driver's seat, reverses the truck out of the driveway and drives away.

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - NIGHT (LATER)

MUSIC: Los Lobos's song "Mas y Mas" continues to play over--

Frank drives.

Plastic Jesus, with his right hand glued crookedly back into place, sits on the dashboard.

Julia's in the passenger seat with her reading light on aimed down into the book she's reading: "Seth Speaks: The Eternal Validity of the Soul."

EXT. FRANK'S TRUCK - NIGHT (LATER)

MUSIC: Los Lobos's song "Mas y Mas" continues, then fades--

MONTAGE

- Quiet dark highway rolling through the hills east of Austin
- Sign indicates "21 East"
- Sign indicates the town of "La Grange" with "ZZ TOP" spray painted across it
- We see the lit up city of Houston
- We pass through the city
- Sign indicates 348 Miles to New Orleans

EXT. CLOVER GRILL - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

SUPER: **BOURBON STREET, FRENCH QUARTER**

MUSIC: We hear a blend of dixieland, jazz, R&B and blues emanating from multiple joints in the Quarter.

The street is filled with Merrymakers of all stripes.

Frank and Julia have finished their meals at an outside table. Lobo, on a leash, sits on the ground next to Frank. They listen to a sales pitch by-

-an ARTIST standing at their table exhibiting a copy of the locally famous, "Blue Dog" painting:

ARTIST
(selling it)

People who have seen a Blue Dog painting always remember it. The Blue Dog is about life, about mankind searching for answers. The dog never changes position. He just stares at you. And you're looking at him, looking for some answers, "Why are we here?" and he's just looking back at you, wondering the same. The dog doesn't know. You can see this longing in his eyes. This longing for love and answers. He appeals to your soul. Deeply. He would love you to take him with you, to his forever home. Oh, he has a tear in his eye. He yearns for you.

Lobos softly GROWLS at the painting.

FRANK
(smiles)

Thank you. But I don't have a wall to hang him on.

JULIA

We have a dog. More of a wolf. See? She's real.

Artist glances at Lobo growling. Frank tightens his hold on Lobo's leash as she struggles toward the Blue Dog painting.

ARTIST

Aww, she looks like she needs a forever friend.

JULIA

She bites, too. Like a shark. Look
at her fangs. Wanna try?

Lobo BARKS at Artist.

Artist flinches in fear, then hurries away with the painting.

Frank and Julia chuckle. They rise and, with Lobo, walk down
the street. They turn the corner into an alley.

ALLEY/FRANK'S TRUCK

They walk toward Frank's truck.

The truck's tailgate is down.

TWO large MEN lean against the side of the truck. They are
feral, intimidating and drunk.

FRANK

(to Julia)

Stay behind me.

Frank continues walking to the truck holding Lobo on the
leash. Julia follows close behind him. Lobo GROWLS.

MAN-1

(French accent)

Nice dog.

(chuckles; to Man-2)

A *loup-garou*?

MAN-2

(French accent)

Hey *jolle fille*, why you hiding
that sweet fresh pussy? Come out
from behind daddy. Let me smell it.

Frank stands at the rear of his truck. The tailgate's down.

His view into the truck bed on the two casket-shaped metal
side mount tool boxes with scrapes, gouges and pry marks on
them. Despite the damage, they're locked and secure.

FRANK

You fucked with my stuff.

Man-1 & Man-2 threateningly reveal the long METAL PRY BARS in
their hands. They move toward Frank and Julia.

MAN-1
Our stuff, douchebag.

FRANK
Serious fucking mistake.

The Men close in on Frank and Julia. Man-2 WHISTLES.

MAN-1
The key, to the lock, *le con*.

THREE MEN enter the alley behind Frank, Julia and Lobo. The MEN menacingly advance toward them. They flash KNIVES.

Frank squats and releases Lobo's leash. Frank stays crouched.

FRANK
Sic 'em.

Lobo leaps onto Man-1 and chomps her fangs into his neck. He struggles, strikes her hard across her head with his metal bar. Lobo YELPS, locks her jaws on Man-1's throat, they both fall to the ground. Man-1 grips his throat, bleeding out.

Man-2 runs at Frank with his BAR raised. He swings it downward at his head--crouched Frank pulls a PISTOL from under the rear bumper and SHOOTS Man-2 in the throat. He drops to the ground.

Men-3,-4,-5 come fast at Julia. She pulls a PISTOL from under her jacket and FIRES TWICE at them--HITTING Man-3 and Man-4 in the chest--they reel backward and fall to the ground.

Man-5 charges Frank with a KNIFE--Frank turns--FIRES--misses.

In the b.g., Julia SHOOTs prone Men-3 & -4 in their chests.

Man-5 swings his knife at Frank's throat--misses as Frank turns away--Man-5 thrusts his knife toward Frank's back--

--GUNSHOT--bullet into the back of Man-5's head--BLOOD flows. He drops dead, revealing Julia. She goes to Frank.

Frank closely looks at Julia.

FRANK
In the truck!

JULIA
The brass!

CLOSE on Julia quickly picking up FOUR shiny brass SHELL CASINGS from the ground. She puts them in her pocket. She picks up her SHELL CASING near the truck.

Frank quickly picks up his TWO SHELL CASINGS.

Julia runs to passenger door of the truck--tries door--locked.

JULIA
(yells)
Locked!

MUSIC: All Them Witches song "Interstate Blues" plays over-

Frank's view of Lobo laying motionless near dead Man-1. He gets keys from his pocket--presses FOB--door locks open.

In the b.g., Julia enters the passenger seat of the truck.

Frank goes to Lobo, couches down next to her. Pets her face.

Her eyes are open. A bloody gash above her eye. She's dead.

He picks her up, carries her to the rear of the truck and sets her on the tailgate.

Frank kisses Lobo's head. Closes her eyes. He hops onto the tailgate next to her. He slides her to the front of the bed.

Frank jumps over the side, closes the tailgate and gets into the driver seat. He puts the truck in gear and SQUEALS the tires as he ACCELERATES down the alley.

The sound of SIRENS blend with the song...

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - LOUISIANA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

MUSIC: Song "Interstate Blues" continues over-

White lane markers check by, transforming into a blurry line.

Frank drives. Julia's in the passenger seat. They stare out the windshield.

Julia holds her pistol in her lap, deep in thought.

Many moments pass...

FRANK
Thank you.

JULIA
I'm a real killer, Frank.

She blankly looks at him...

FRANK
We are, Julia-
(looks at her)
-repairing what's wrong.

EXT. FRANK'S TRUCK BED - NIGHT

Lobo lays near the rear windshield. Her eyes are closed. Her fur blows in the wind.

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Through the windshield we see a sign: "Interstate 10 East."
Then the sign indicating "Louisiana -- Mississippi Border."
Song fades.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Frank and Julia stand next to each other in a small silent clearing. We see Frank's truck in the background.

SUPER: **JESSUP COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI**

An unlit PYRE constructed of bark, twigs, branches and logs stands before them.

CLOSE on Lobo laying on a blanket atop the wooden structure.

FRANK
(quietly; sad)
You were family, Lobo. Always and forever. Malena and Lía will be happy to see you. I'll be with you all soon. Go on now, be a good girl. Go up to God. He loves you, too.

JULIA
(sad)
God bless you, Lobo.

She goes to Lobo and pets her. Kisses her. Steps away.

Frank fires up a gas camping TORCH and lights the lower bark and branches. They flame upward and engulf thicker branches and logs. The FIRE rages. Lobo is engulfed within the flames. Her spirit rises in the smoke whirl, upward to heaven.

Julia has tears in her eyes. She puts her arm around Frank.

Their faces glow, reflecting their sadness in the flames...

They walk through the woods toward the truck... and come upon a tree, where they notice a weather-worn three-inch red circular disk nailed to its trunk at eye level.

CLOSE ON the RED CIRCULAR METAL EMBLEM with a WHITE CROSS and a RED "BLOOD DROP" framed in black in the center.

FRANK

Weird. Looks satanic.

JULIA

Whoa. That symbol is the "Blood Drop Cross."

FRANK

Just like I said.

JULIA

The insignia of the Klan. I guess we're in their neck of the woods.

FRANK

(dismissive)
Klan? Fucking redneck Nazis.

They get to the truck and get in. Frank in the driver seat and Julia in the passenger seat.

Frank drives slowly along the dirt path through the woods.

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - WOODS - NIGHT

The MUTED sound of MEN SINGING is heard.

Frank and Julia's view of shadowy FIGURES flickering between the spacing between the trees. Frank kills his headlights.

He stops the truck.

JULIA

What do you think?

FRANK

Those boys should be home with
their families.

They exit the truck.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Frank and Julia carry their sniper rifles as they slowly,
cautiously creep toward a clearing. The sound of MEN SINGING
gets louder. Pickup trucks and jeeps are parked nearby.

We hear the MEN singing a song with their own words to the
1857 hymn: "The Church in the Wildwood":

MEN (O.S.)

(singing)

For the cross that is burning in
the wildwood/ Each Klansman has
sworn to be true/ He has pledged
to uphold the Old Glory/ To down
the Cath'lic and the Jew

Frank and Julia sneak closer, concealing behind a tree.

Their view of the group of SEVEN average white MEN wearing
boots, jeans, flannel and t-shirts gathered in the clearing.

CLEARING

The Men stand in a semi-circle.

MEN

(singing)

By the cross that is burning in the
wildwood/ Each Klansman will guard
brave and true/ They will carry
their Emblem to vic'try/ For the
dear old Red, White, and Blue

In the center of the semi-circle we see-

-ANGLING up from the ground:

- a MAN's ankles tied tightly with rope
- his wrists tied tightly with rope
- a gag in his mouth
- a NOOSE tight around his neck

This is thirty-year-old, African American Preacher-
EMMETT WASHINGTON.

MAN-1 throws the end of the rope up and over a thick, sturdy
branch of an oak tree.

MAN-2 takes hold of the end of the rope.

The Seven Men tighten their circle around Emmett.

MAN-3 bends down behind Emmett, STRIKES a wooden MATCH that
EXPLODES a wooden CROSS into FLAMES.

The clearing is lit reddish-orange by the hellish blazing
cross.

BEHIND THE TREE

Frank and Julia look at each other.

JULIA
(intense whisper)
They're lynching that man!

FRANK
No, they are not.

They each raise their sniper rifles and sight through their
scopes on the Men in the clearing.

CLEARING

Emmett stands calmly.

MAN-7
Mr. Washington, you have poisoned
our community, and disrupted our
proper and pure way of life. For
that violation of our code, you
have been convicted. And sentenced
to death. Do it.

Man-1 and Man-2 pull hard on the rope and keep pulling.

Emmett struggles to breathe, his body jerks wildly as his feet
rise off the ground.

We hear TWO simultaneous GUNSHOTS--Men-1 & 2's heads EXPLODE
BLOODY. They let go of the rope.

Emmett drops to his feet and falls to the ground, choking.
The other five Men dart shocked looks around them. Fearful.

MAN-3
What the fuck!?

Two simultaneous GUNSHOTS--Man-3 & 4 drop dead with BLOODY HOLES in their chests.

MAN-5
Run!

Men-5,-6,-7 take off running through the woods.

The cross BURNS.

Julia runs quickly to the clearing, drops to one knee, sights her target--Man-5--FIRES-

Her POV on Man-5 dropping dead in the distance. And then-

-Her POV on two people, Sandy and John, standing in front of a tree. They're white as ghosts, staring at her.

She aims--FIRES TWO SHOTS at them-

-Barks EXPLODES off the tree behind them. They're gone.

Julia quickly runs to Emmett choking helplessly on the ground. She loosens the noose, pulls it off his neck and takes out the gag. He struggles to breathe. She gently massages his throat.

Frank hauls after Man-6. He quickly closes on him, then stops.

Man-6 runs, weaves and dodges between the trees.

Frank patiently follows Man-6 with his scope.

View through Frank's scope of Man-6, who finally becomes clear of the trees.

Frank squeezes the trigger--FIRES-

Through Frank's scope we see Man-6 sprawled dead against a tree in the distance with his brains spattered on the trunk.

Frank scans the woods for Man-7. The woods are silent, vacant.

He runs back to the clearing.

CLEARING

Julia has the ropes off Emmett's ankles and wrists. He's breathing raggedly.

Frank arrives.

FRANK

One Nazi on the run.

(looks at Emmett)

We gotta get him to a doctor.

Rifles slung over their shoulders, they each have an arm under Emmett's arms. They run/drag him through the woods to the truck.

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - DAWN BREAKING

Frank and Julia get Emmett into the middle of the seat. He's breathing better. Julia slides in next to him.

JULIA

(to Emmett)

We'll get you to a doctor. You'll be okay. You will.

Frank secures the rifles in a side tool box in the truck bed.

He gets into the driver seat, puts the truck in gear and ACCELERATES down the dirt path.

Through the truck's rear windshield we see the CROSS BLAZING.

FRANK

Julia, your phone.

(to Emmett)

Is there someone you can call?

EMMETT

(hoarse)

Yes.

Julia hands him her phone. Emmett presses digits, puts the phone to his ear.

EMMETT

Momma... Yes, yes, I'm okay....
Yes, Momma. Don't cry. Please don't cry... I know, but... yes. I will be home soon... I love you, too,
Momma... Yes, praise be to God.

Emmett ends the call and hands Julia her phone.

EMMETT

Thank you.

(tears; incredulous)

Where on earth did you come from?

FRANK

(quietly)

A funeral.

EMMETT

Oh... I'm so sorry for your loss.

FRANK

Thank you, Sir.

EXT. EMMETT'S HOUSE - DAWN

Frank drives his truck up close to the house.

Emmett's mother, ODESSA, 50, runs out the door to meet them.

Julia exits. Emmett slides out and stands near the truck.

EMMETT

(to Frank and Julia)

I am forever in your debt. If you
need anything, anything at all,
ever, please call upon me.

Odessa runs up and hugs Emmett. Julia gets back in the truck.

ODESSA

Thank you! Oh, thank you so much!
God bless you both. You are God's
angels! For sure you are!

Frank nods to her. Julia smiles.

Odessa has her arm around Emmett as they walk to the house.

Frank reverses and drives away.

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - DAWN

Frank drives. Julia's in the passenger seat. She yawns.

FRANK

Let's get a motel. Sleep a few hours. Sound good?

JULIA

I can barely keep my eyes open.

(thoughtful)

We're good killers, right Frank?

Our souls, are eternally valid?

Frank's view of Plastic Jesus on the dashboard.

FRANK

Yes, Julia. I believe they are.

EXT. MOTEL - LATE MORNING

A JESSUP COUNTY CORONER VAN drives past.

Frank's truck is parked in front of a motel door.

The door opens. Frank and Julia, carrying backpacks, exit and walk to the truck just as-

-a JESSUP COUNTY SHERIFF'S CAR parks behind Frank's truck.

Frank throws his and Julia's backpacks into the truck bed.

JESSUP COUNTY SHERIFF, 40s, exits the car, puts on his hat, unsnaps the holster flap on his hip and puts his hand on the grip of his pistol.

An African American MAN, 20s, walks by staring at the Sheriff. He walks, then starts trotting toward a Church a block away-

SHERIFF

That your truck, huh?

Frank stares at him. Julia walks to Frank's side.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You deaf? I said is that your truck?

FRANK

It is.

SHERIFF

(toward his car)

Duke, is this the same truck?

CLOSE on DUKE (the escaped Klan Man-7) in the passenger seat.

DUKE

Yeah. Same truck, Sheriff. Texas tags. You murdered our friends!

NEARBY CHURCH

The church doors open. A massive flood of Black and White CHURCH PEOPLE exit the church and walk toward the motel. Emmett and Odessa lead the Church People to the motel-

MOTEL PARKING LOT

SHERIFF

What's your name, Boy?

FRANK

Frank. Kernan.

SHERIFF

And yours, Miss?

JULIA

Julia Alvarez.

Sheriff takes out two sets of handcuffs:

SHERIFF

Mexican girl, huh?

Julia is fearful. She stands tight against Frank.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

You two shouldn'ta left Texas. Duke! Come over here and make a positive identification, please.

Duke exits the Sheriff's Car, walks up next to Sheriff.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Is this the man and woman? Are they the two people you saw shoot, and kill: Danny, Tom, Jeb, Hank, Travis and Earl? In cold blood?

DUKE

Yes, Sheriff. It was them. I am absolutely positive!

Emmett, Odessa and thirty Church People arrive in waves at Frank's truck and Sheriff's car. They stare derisively at the Sheriff and Duke with deep, dark, generational disgust.

SHERIFF

Mr. Kernan, you and your girlfriend,
are under arrest, for six counts of
first degree murder. Turn around.

FRANK

(doesn't move)
I think Duke is mistaken, Sheriff.

EMMETT

(steps up; hoarse voice)
What's going on here?

SHERIFF

This is none of your business,
Reverend. I'm placing these two
Texans under arrest. For murder.
Back away, please. Keep your people
back or I'll arrest them, too. You
know I will.

EMMETT

Look here, Sheriff!

Emmett opens his shirt around his NECK to reveal deep ROPE
BURNS and BRUISES. He displays the RIPPED SKIN on his WRISTS.

Church People have their PHONES out VIDEO RECORDING Emmett's
throat. They RECORD Sheriff & Duke and Frank & Julia.

EMMETT

These people saved my life, Sheriff.
(to Church People)
I was lynched last night!
(points at Duke)
By Duke! And his crazy Klan Nazis!
Your friends, too Sheriff! They
tried to murder me in cold blood.

ODESSA

(points to Frank and Julia)
These two avenging angels saved his
life! They did the right thing. In
self-defense!

Church People MURMUR: "Klan" "Lynching" "Self-defense!"

EMMETT

(to Church People)
They did! They are God's Angels of
Vengeance!

Church People LOUDY, VOCALLY SUPPORT Emmett.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

(to Frank and Julia)
These two quiet righteous people
standing right here!

VARIOUS CHURCH PEOPLE

Lynching!? Reverend Emmett?! The
Klan was going to hang him?! Those
hateful motherfucking crackers!

ODESSA

Maybe we should finish off this
town's diabolical Klan ourselves!
"We the People" will overcome!

CHURCH WOMAN-1

We should get ourselves a rope!

CHURCH MAN

I have one in my truck!

Church People LOUDLY, VOCALLY support that plan of action.

CHURCH WOMAN-2

Get that rope! Kill the Klan!

CHURCH PEOPLE

Get that rope! Kill the Klan! Get
that rope! Kill the Klan!

Sheriff realizes that he and Duke are going to be murdered.

SHERIFF

(hand on gun grip)
Hold on now! Just hold on here! My
good people. I am still the law in
this county! Please, calm down. So-
(fake smile)
I, am going to arrest Duke here,
for attempted murder! Of Reverend
Emmett! He's guilty as sin, right?!

Duke's expression reflects being verbally stabbed in the back.

Church People warm up to the Sheriff's suggestion.

EMMETT

(to Church People)

I'll believe it, when I see it!

SHERIFF

Yes, I will arrest Duke right now!
Duke turn around. You are under
arrest for the attempted murder of
Reverend Emmett Washington!

DUKE

(intense whisper)

Really, Sheriff? I have shit on you.
Bad shit. Deep shit. I will sing!

Duke turns around. Sheriff handcuffs him.

SHERIFF

Shut up, Duke.

(to Frank and Julia)

And, I will let these two righteous
Texans go on their way! To do more
good deeds. Wherever it is they're
going to do them! Can I get an Amen?

Church People are silent. They stare hate at Sheriff and Duke.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

No, huh? But that would be fair,
right? Y'all can agree with that?
I'm taking Duke to jail! Right now!

Sheriff shoves Duke through the Crowd and puts him into the
back seat of the Sheriff's car--SLAMS the door.

Emmett, Odessa and the Church People JEER LOUDLY at them. They
start rocking the Sheriff's car.

SHERIFF

Stop that now. I'm taking Duke in.
Like we agreed! We have a deal!

Sheriff gets in and ACCELERATES away from the crowd.

Reverend Emmett and Odessa joyfully hug Frank and Julia, the
reluctant heroes. Church People gather around them--reach
toward them--straining to touch them, as if they are
celebrities.

PRE-LAP MUSIC: Jim White's song "Alabama Chrome" plays over-

Frank protectively puts his arm around Julia, holds her close, walks her to the passenger door of the truck, opens the door, she slides in, closes the door. Frank gets in the driver seat.

The truck is mobbed with joyous Church People. Frank carefully reverses, then slowly drives away.

The Church People wave and run after the truck.

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - LATE MORNING

MUSIC: Jim White's song "Alabama Chrome" continues over-

Frank's driving. Julia's in the passenger seat looking out the side window as they pass the serene South Gulf Coast panorama:

MONTAGE

- salt grass marshes
- bays and estuaries
- tallgrass prairies
- scattered oak mottes
- woodlands
- a SNAKE stares at us from a tree branch

MONTAGE ENDS

JULIA

Doc Ubel wasn't the first man you killed.

Frank glances at her, looks back at the road.

JULIA (CONT'D)

One night Sandy was more drunk than usual. She was babbling. That you killed other people. She was trying to drive a wedge between me and Lía. As if anything could keep us apart. I didn't believe her. Since you seemed mostly normal. But I wonder.

Moments pass...

FRANK

My Mother, was in an accident when I was sixteen.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

She hit a drunk guy with her car during a rain storm. No one's fault, really. Just a bad accident. But the female Judge, "Beanie" Roy, sentenced my Mother to six years in the State Pen. My sweet, beautiful Mother. Never did a thing wrong in her life. A church-goer. A virtuous woman... Turns out the Judge wasn't virtuous. She was actually a sadistic ho. Who was fucking the married prosecutor. A known White Supremacist named Brad Willoughby. The Judge, she was under his spell. And she was helping him to become Mayor of the town. So after the Judge sentenced my Mother, my Father, Mike, he hopped the rail in the courtroom and was beating the life out of Nazi Brad. Until the Deputy shot my Father in the head. Dead. Right there in the courtroom. He died next to me on the floor... My Mother. She hanged herself in her jail cell on her second night. And my sister, Mary. Poor Mary. She had a mental breakdown. She never recovered... So, I waited. I watched them. I planned. For two years. And over two weeks, starting on my eighteenth birthday, I killed all three of them. The Judge. The Prosecutor. The Deputy. I murdered them in three different ways. And didn't leave a trace of evidence behind. They never found their bodies. That, to this day, are buried on top of each other, in one narrow grave, way out, in the Chihuahuan Desert.

JULIA

Jesus... How did you get away with it? You had to have been a suspect.

FRANK

Oh, I was. But they had no evidence. There was no pattern to the way they were killed.

(MORE)

The news people and everyone in town had their theories. It could've been multiple murderers. A serial killer. I was brought in a few times. Never said a word. I had an alibi. The case went cold.

JULIA

You had an alibi? What was it?

FRANK

Your Mother. Sandy.

Julia is dumbstruck.

FRANK

I see that you're surprised. Well, we were together for a while, in twelfth grade. Before I fell in love with Malena and Sandy fell for John. Sandy was rock solid during questioning. She never wavered... Then she started drinking. Me, too. Murder does that to good people. To help us forget. That we did a bad thing for a good reason. Your mom was good, Julia. Until she wasn't.

JULIA

I see them. Sandy and John. A few times now. They're freaky. Like bad actors in a horror movie. I tried to shoot them last night in the woods. They disappeared.

FRANK

You can't kill them. But they can destroy you, if you let them.

(looks at her)

I'm hungry. Wanna eat?

JULIA

(smiles)

Yeah. A double cheeseburger, full ride, fries and a chocolate shake!

Frank smiles.

EXT. FRANK'S TRUCK - HIGHWAY RAMP - LATE AFTERNOON

The truck exits the highway.

On the way into town the truck passes a sign: "Montgomery."

We pass historic cultural landmarks:

MONTAGE

- Alabama State Capitol
- Dexter Avenue King Memorial Church
- The White House of the Confederacy
- Hank Williams Memorial
- Alabama War Memorial
- The National Lynching Memorial

END MONTAGE

INT. DINER - DAY (A LITTLE LATER)

Frank and Julia sit at a table by the window. Julia takes her last bite of her cheeseburger then sips her milk shake.

Frank's plate is clean.

JULIA

(sad)

Lía got the shot. That caused her myocarditis. That caused her heart attack. She was in perfect health.

(sips milk shake)

She never told me why she changed her mind. About getting it.

FRANK

I did. I didn't want her to catch the disease like Malena. They said it was safe. I couldn't lose my daughter right after losing my wife. So I forced her to do it. For me. Against her will. Because I was scared... And, she's dead.

JULIA

I don't know... oh my god, Frank. The burden of that... And for so many people.

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

The world is upside down! Suffering from some kind of mass delusional psychosis. People blindly doing what they're being told. Without question. Why? Who's behind it?

FRANK

I don't know, and at this point, Julia, I don't care. They'll pay the debt. I'll go home to my family.

We see Frank's parked truck through the diner window.

A GUY and GAL hipster couple in their mid-20s walk by and abruptly stop by the truck.

Guy points at the TEXAS LICENSE PLATE. Gal looks at it.

Gal looks at her phone, taps it and, intrigued, she keeps tapping and scrolling her screen. She gets excited.

Frank looks out the window at them. Julia looks at them.

FRANK

Who the fuck are they?

Frank puts cash on the table, gets up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Julia)

Meet me outside.

Frank exits the diner.

Julia finishes her shake, gets up and heads for the door.

EXT. FRANK'S TRUCK - DINER - DAY

Frank exits the diner and calmly walks to his truck.

Guy and Gal take selfies at the back of the truck.

FRANK

Hey guys. What's up?

GAL

(thrilled)

Oh my god. Is this your truck?

GUY

It's him. It's the Dude, man! It's really you. You totally abide!

Using her phone, Gal VIDEO RECORDS herself and Guy and the truck. Gal poses up a storm, a wannabe social influencer.

Julia walks into Gal's video frame.

Frank puts his hand out in front of Gal's phone camera.

FRANK

Stop recording. Now.

Gal stops recording.

GAL

And her! Oh, my, god! The two of you! Killers! Right here with me!
(whispers loudly)
The... avenging angels!

GUY

(to Julia; lovestruck)
God, you're really hot. And you killed the Nazis.

JULIA

Who? What are you talking about?

GAL

The lynching. You stopped it. And killed them! What was it, like twenty Nazis?

GUY

You saved Reverend Emmett's life!

FRANK

(quietly)
Julia, get in the truck.

Julia walks to the passenger door and gets in. Frank walks toward the driver's door.

GAL

(follows Frank)
Can we get a picture? Please, please, please? Just one?
(MORE)

GAL (CONT'D)

You're famous! And so cool. Like the new version of, who was it? Oh yeah, Mickey and Mallory! But you're the... Nazi born killers!

Frank gets in the driver seat. Starts the truck.

GUY

C'mon, dude, we found you! Can't we at least get a picture? You're superheroes: "The Avenging Angels!" Savivors and killers. I'm going to create a new comic!

GAL

Call it, "Nazi Born Killers."

Frank reverses and drives away.

Guy and Gal are disappointed as they watch them drive off.

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - DAY

Frank drives. Julia's in the passenger seat. She scrolls and taps on her phone screen.

JULIA

Jesus fucking christ.

FRANK

What?

JULIA

We blew up. On Twitter, Facebook, Insta, Snap, Truth Social. Top Ten trending hashtag on Twitter. An "Avenging Angels" Facebook group, with thirty-eight thousand members! All those true crime "murderinos." Shit. We're in a social vortex.

FRANK

What does that even mean?

JULIA

Our fifteen minutes has arrived. Whether we want it or not.

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

We are fucked. Thousands of people are branding us "The Avenging Angels." What Emmett's mother called us.

FRANK

Everyone knows the truck then. Fuck. Keep your eyes on that Facebook group so we know what they know.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY (LATER)

Frank and Julia move the duffel bags, backpacks, rifle bag and Lobo's food bowl, water dish and dog food from the truck bed's tool boxes into the rear of a BLACK VAN with tinted windows.

Smarmy SALESMAN, 35, wearing a white straw hat, shabby seersucker suit and scuffed white patent leather loafers chatters away at them while they transfer their belongings:

SALESMAN

Two years old. Customized. You made an intelligent purchase decision, Mr. Kernan. You are going to just fall in love with this vehicle!

(winks at Frank)

She's a real beauty. Comfy fold-out bed in the back. Velvet head-

FRANK

(walks by)

-Shut the fuck up.

SALESMAN

(awkward)

Oh, no. Sorry! That's your? Oh, your daughter. I didn't know. Well, it's, you know, still very comfortable. Sound proof, too. So you can-

FRANK

(stops; direct)

-Seriously. Just shut the fuck up. I will not say it again.

SALESMAN

(intimidated; steps back)

Yes, sir. I got you. We're good.

Salesman hands Frank the sales documents and the key fobs.
Julia gets into the passenger seat and closes her door.

Frank takes the sales documents and gets into the driver seat.
He starts the van.

Salesman walks up to the open driver side window.

FRANK
Move... Move!

Salesman lurches away from the door.

Frank gets out, walks to his truck, opens the driver door and
leans inside... he walks back to the van, gets in and closes
the door.

Salesman steps close to Frank's window. Frank rolls it up.

SALESMAN
Thank you again, sir. I hope you-

Frank drives off. He passes his gray pickup truck parked with
a "FOR SALE" sign across its windshield near the entrance of
the lot. He turns onto the road and drives away.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
(smiles; waves)
Stop fucking with Texans.

He walks to the sales trailer.

INT. FRANK'S VAN - DAY

Frank's driving. Julia's in the passenger seat.

Frank pulls Plastic Jesus from his jacket pocket, sets him on
the dashboard. Julia straightens him out and smiles.

JULIA
Welcome back, Jesus! Here we go!
(sings)
I don't care if it rains or freezes
Long as I got my plastic Jesus
Ridin' on the dashboard of my car.

Frank joins in-

FRANK & JULIA

(singing)

Through my trials and tribulations
And my travels through the nation
With my plastic Jesus I'll go far
Ridin' down the thoroughfare/ With
a nose up in the air/ A wreck may
be ahead/ But he don't mind/
Trouble comin', he don't see/ He
just keeps his eye on me/ And any
other thing that lies behind.

They smile at each other and break out laughing.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - GULFPORT, MISSISSIPPI - DAY

The drapes are drawn tight. The room is disheveled with scattered clothes, half-eaten food orders and drinks, etc.

The sound of a Young Woman's voice:

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)

It says that "Island View is one
of the nicest and most enjoyable
hotel-casinos on the Gulf Coast."

(louder)

Can we go down to the casino? I
like to hear the sounds of the
machines. And see the sorrow of the
suckers losing their rent payments.

CLOSE on a naked, beautiful thirty-five-year-old dark-skinned Creole woman, CLAUDIA LAZARE, with a tightly rolled one hundred dollar bill between her fingers.

SUPER: GULFPORT, MISSISSIPPI

Claudia leans over to snort a long line of meth off of the white, twenty-year-old HOOKER's belly who lays on a bed reading a glossy travel brochure about the hotel.

Claudia SNORTS the long glittering line. Hooker giggles:

HOOKER

That tickles.

Claudia jerks upright, eyes blazing, INHALING loudly through her nostrils as she chokes on the crystal river draining down the back of her throat.

She wildly digs her fingers into her hair, scouring her scalp.

CLAUDIA
My neurons are exploding!

She walks to the window, stops fiddling with her hair and RIPS open the drapes. Blazing sunlight hits her weary face. She squints her eyes at the Gulf of Mexico out the window.

Her view of the serene Gulf waters and nearby Cat Island.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
So calm. So pretty... Too calm...
It's too damn calm!
(anxious)
Oh my god. The fuckening is coming!

She darts worried looks around the room.

Hooker rolls off the bed, snorts a line of meth off the bedside table. She offers her rolled-up bill to Claudia:

HOOKER
Want another?

CLAUDIA
No.
(quietly; panic)
What did I lose? What was it?

Hooker flops back on the bed.

HOOKER
I give great rim. Want one?

CLAUDIA
(panics; pacing)
No... Fuck. What?

HOOKER
Can I turn on the TV?

CLAUDIA
The fucking questions! Stop!

Hooker grabs the remote control off the bedside table.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
No TV!

Hooker turns on the TV.

A phone VIBRATES.

Claudia freezes. She looks over at-

-a phone VIBRATING on the dresser next to the TV.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
 (realization; sad)
 I lost her... I lost my Aurie.

She zombie walks to her phone, stares at it--VIBRATING. She blinks her eyes, wipes them with her fingers, clears her throat and taps the screen-

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
 (blurts)
 Lazare!

A PISTOL lays next to her phone on the dresser.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
 (struggles to calm)
 Yes, Ma'am... I am, indisposed at the moment though. Can I... But, I'm on leave, Ma'am... Yes... I will be there.
 (ends call)
 Why did I say yes? Why did I do it?
 She doesn't care. Nobody cares!

HOOKER
 (stares blankly at TV)
 I care, Claudie. You're the best.

INT. ROADHOUSE BAR - JESSUP MISSISSIPPI - DAY

MUSIC: ZZ Top's song "Master of Sparks" plays over-

Loud greasy tattooed Bikers shoot pool and throw darts. Barflies sit at the end of the bar hootin' and smoking.

Sheriff, from the previous scenes with Frank and Julia, sits on a stool at the bar sipping an ice tea.

Sitting next to him drinking a coke is a large white man with a FIERY RED CREWCUT wearing a short sleeve Ole Miss University baseball jersey, jeans and snakeskin cowboy boots.

His arms are heavily tatted with black & red Klan numbers and symbols: "311" "33/6" "14" "88" "AKIA" "Blood Drop Cross" "Triangle in a Triangle" "SS Lightning Bolts" "Swastikas" "Wolfsangel" etc. This is fifty-year-old, psycho Klan hitman-

BILLY JAMES.

SHERIFF

You on the social media, Billy?

BILLY

No. I am antisocial. But I do scan it from time to time. Like when the pretty college girls in bikinis are in Biloxi over spring break.

SHERIFF

Good... There were pictures posted of them outside a diner. Big dude, young woman. And their gray pickup truck. Texas tags. In Montgomery. I'll text you the photos.

BILLY

What do you want?

SHERIFF

I want you to, quiet them down.

BILLY

You mean kill them.

SHERIFF

(smiles)

You do whatever "quiet them down" means to you, okay Billy? But I don't want to hear another peep out of them. Just do what you do.

BILLY

And the offer?

SHERIFF

Fifteen.

BILLY

(scoffs)

It's twenty five apiece, Son.

Billy stands. He's six-foot four. He stares down at Sheriff.

SHERIFF

(looks up at Billy)
That's, uh, a little steep, Billy.

BILLY

No Sheriff. It's lowball. Should be twice that. But, since they killed our brethren, I'm discounting.

(smiles)

It's your lucky day. And, as you know, once I have been summoned to review a potential client's proposal, you forfeit your right to decline engaging with me. For any reason whatsoever. Or I will kill you. Right here at the bar. Drop you right on the floor, piss on you, and walk out. Your choice, Son. Fifty now, or the express train to hell.

Sheriff stares "fuck you" at Billy for several moments. Then-

SHERIFF

(chuckles)

Why I do believe I just summoned the devil himself! Yes sir, Billy. Fifty is a solid value. Thank you. I'm happy we could negotiate in good faith and come to a reasonable and fair compromise. You must have read "The Art of the Deal." Let's just step outside to my car.

BILLY

Shake on it, Sheriff.

Sheriff smiles, stands. Billy towers over him. Sheriff puts his small hand into Billy's giant paw. They shake hands. Billy snaps a picture of their handshake with his phone.

Sheriff leads Billy out the door.

EXT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FBI OFFICE - DAY

White FBI Special Agent in Charge, LISA MUELLER, 50, briefs FBI Special Agent Claudia Lazare, who calmly sits at the conference table wearing a black pantsuit, white blouse and maroon neckerchief.

Claudia's makeup is subdued and her hair is styled. She pulled herself together nicely but her eyes reveal she's a wreck from no sleep, the hooker and the meth.

An open file lays on the table next to her phone in front of her. The briefing's in progress:

MUELLER

...we're running posted photos and videos of the subjects on social media through our AI facial recognition algorithms. No hits. Neither the male or the female have socials.

Mueller's phone VIBRATES. She answers:

MUELLER (CONT'D)

Send the files to Lazare's phone.

Mueller ends call. Scans and scrolls her phone screen.

Claudia's phone VIBRATES. She taps it, reads and scrolls.

MUELLER (CONT'D)

(looks at phone screen)
Mississippi... Now Alabama... Gray two door pickup... Last location was a diner in Montgomery. Good. Go get 'em, Claudia.

Claudia looks up from scrolling through her phone screen.

CLAUDIA

With all due respect, Ma'am. Why me? I'm not, quite ready for this.

MUELLER

I can see that. Clearly. You need to get back in the saddle, Claudia. You saw your face? In the mirror, right? When you did your makeup? If you don't get out of that hotel room, she's going to kill you. I'm talking about the whore and the meth. Time to get out in the sun.

(kindly)

You're my best hunter. I need you.

Claudia looks at her... She nods.

MUELLER (CONT'D)

(sincere)

I'm sorry about Aurelie. It must be hard for you. She was too young.

CLAUDIA

(nods)

They saved that preacher from being lynched. Why are we chasing them?

MUELLER

This is direct from Washington. There are two points: they can't appear to be supporting vigilante justice, and the Klan needs to be protected. So they're positioning this as a civil rights hate crime.

CLAUDIA

Hate crime? Against who?

(angry)

The fucking Klan?! Sorry, Ma'am.

MUELLER

They have a strategic political purpose. Now get up to Montgomery.

Claudia grabs her phone and the file. She walks to the door.

MUELLER (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Welcome back, Claudia.

CLAUDIA

(miserable)

Yeah. Happy to be back.

Claudia exits.

EXT. FRANK'S BLACK VAN - HIGHWAY - ATLANTA - NIGHT

MUSIC: Nina Simone's song "Sinnerman" plays over-

The van passes a sign indicating they're on "I-85 North."

The ATLANTA SKYLINE is beautifully lit as they enter the city.

We wind through downtown.

The van passes Emory University Hospital on the left as they drive north on Clifton Road.

The road bends left...

The van passes the sprawling business complex with a BLUE and WHITE logo sign indicating--

**NATIONAL DISEASE CONTROL
AND PREVENTION CENTERS**

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PEACHTREE MOTEL - ATLANTA - NIGHT

Frank's black van drives up to the lobby of the motel and stops. Julia exits the front seat and enters the lobby.

INT. LOBBY DESK - MOTEL - NIGHT

Female African American NIGHT CLERK, 60s, sits behind the desk listening to a loud-playing episode of the true crime podcast, "My Favorite Murder" on her phone.

Julia enters, walks to the desk.

Night Clerk hits "pause" on "My Favorite Murder." She looks curiously at Julia.

NIGHT CLERK

(smiles)

Hello, Honey. Welcome. How can I help you tonight?

JULIA

One double for one night, please.

Night Clerk taps keys on her desktop computer:

NIGHT CLERK

That'll be seventy-nine dollars,
plus all the god-forsaken taxes.
I need an ID and credit card.

Julia hands Night Clerk her Texas Driver's License and a one hundred dollar bill.

Night Clerk takes Julia's license, looks at it and hands it back to her. She doesn't take the hundred dollar bill.

NIGHT CLERK

I need a credit card, dear. Do you have one?

JULIA

My father does. He's outside.

NIGHT CLERK

Could you have him come inside with it, please? I'd like to meet him.

JULIA

Sure.

Julia exits.

EXT. BLACK VAN - LOBBY DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Julia walks to the driver's side window, it slides down.

JULIA

She needs a credit card. And she wants to see you.

FRANK

We can be traced with the card. I'll talk to her. Otherwise we'll sleep in the van.

Frank exits the van and enters the motel lobby with Julia.

INT. LOBBY DESK - PEACHTREE MOTEL - NIGHT

Frank and Julia enter, walk to the desk. Night Clerk stands behind the desk at her computer. Frank hands her his card:

FRANK

(smiles)

Hello. I know you need the card for a deposit for incidentals and such. But how about if you imprint the card, so you're covered there, but don't run it. Keep the hundred for the room, and here's another one for not running the card unless we run up other charges, okay? Otherwise, we'll be on our way.

Frank sets two one hundred dollar bills on the desk top.

NIGHT CLERK

(to Julia)

You okay with this, Miss? He's not a serial killer, or sex trafficker, right? You are absolutely safe?

JULIA

(smiles)

Yes, Ma'am. Thank you for asking. I am perfectly safe. Daddy promised to show me the city. Then we're visiting with our relatives. Kinda like a vacation plus family thing.

NIGHT CLERK

(smiles)

Okay, then. Just want to be sure you're not kidnapped. Because, as we know, it happens a lot these days.

She slides the two one hundred dollar bills off the desk top, imprints Frank's credit card, prints out the room receipt and hands the card and receipt to him. She creates two room key cards and hands them to him.

FRANK

Thank you.

NIGHT CLERK

We're all good, Mr. Kernan. Enjoy your stay with us. Ice is here in the lobby.

(smiles at them)

Your room is at the end of the building. Room One Seventy-Seven. It's a nice quiet room.

FRANK

(takes key cards)

Thanks again, Ma'am. You have a nice night now.

Julia and Frank exit.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - MONTGOMERY - NIGHT

Parked inside at the entrance is Frank's previously owned gray pickup truck with the "For Sale" sign in the front window.

A badass black matte Dodge Challenger Hellcat is parked by it.

Billy walks around the truck, looks in the windows, lowers the tailgate, checks out the bed.

His view of the bent edges of the metal side mount tool boxes.

SALESMAN (O.S.)

Beautiful truck. Low miles. You can take it home tonight.

Billy turns to Salesman who stands behind him.

BILLY

Tool boxes are fucked up.

SALESMAN

I think the previous owner lost the keys. It happens. I could prob-

BILLY

-Who was the owner?

SALESMAN

Uh, don't know really.

Billy stares down at him.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

(anxious)

I mean, I don't know him. He was a, a Texan though. Big ornery fella.

BILLY

Did he have a girl with him?

SALESMAN

He did. Yes. He did. Pretty young woman. About twenty, I'd say.

BILLY

What'd he trade it for, the truck?

SALESMAN

A van. A black van. Nice vehicle. New tires, low-

BILLY

-Shut up. What's his name?

SALESMAN

(fidgety)

Name? Oh, I uh, couldn't tell you
that. I can't disclose it. That's-

-Billy drags him by the back of his suit collar to the Sales Trailer. He kicks the door open and drags Salesman inside.

INT. SALES TRAILER - NIGHT

Billy drags Salesman through the doorway and throws him tumbling across the floor against his desk.

BILLY

Sales files.

Salesman, injured, points to a filing cabinet near his desk.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Drawer.

SALESMAN

(grimacing in pain)

Top.

Billy opens the top drawer.

We see files. The first file has a tab on it indicating "Recent Sales." Billy pulls the file.

Billy pages through the sales documents in the file and pulls out a stapled pack of documents. He flips through it.

We see the "Bill of Sale" document for the black van with sales and customer information on it-

And the line: "Buyer: Francis M. Kernan"

BILLY

Did Francis say where he was going?

Salesman shakes his head, whimpering in the fetal position on the floor.

Billy tears the Bill of Sale page from the sales document pack and stuffs it into his pocket. He walks to the door.

Salesman reaches to his ankle, pulls a small pistol from his ankle holster, shakily aims at Billy--FIRES.

The bullet WHIZZES past Billy's ear and STRIKES the door.

Billy pulls a knife, FLINGS it at Salesman-

-The knife blade PENETRATES Salesman's forehead. Instant death. Billy walks to Salesman. Plants his snakeskin boot on his face, bends down, wiggles the blade to loosen it and pulls it out of Salesman's skull. He wipes it on Salesman's suit jacket, slides it into the sheath behind his back and exits.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - MONTGOMERY - NIGHT

Billy exits the trailer, gets in the Dodge Challenger Hellcat and FIRES up the engine. He REVS it and slowly drives off the lot, turns onto the road and drives away.

EXT. STREET - USED CAR LOT - MONTGOMERY - NIGHT

Claudia's black government Ford four door Crown Victoria is parked near the entrance of the lot.

Claudia's in the driver seat.

Her view of Billy's Hellcat driving down the road. She exits her car, walks toward the lot, stops, gags and pukes into the bushes. She wipes her mouth and enters the lot.

USED CAR LOT

Claudia spots Frank's gray truck with the "For Sale" sign in the front window.

She walks to it as she pulls on latex gloves. She walks around it, closely inspecting the truck.

She walks to the sales trailer.

Claudia enters cautiously through the open door.

INT. SALES TRAILER - NIGHT

Claudia walks in.

She spots the bullet hole in the open door, turns to see the dead Salesman on the floor, bloody gash in his forehead, and the small pistol in the death grip of his hand.

She glances around, walks to the open filing cabinet, picks up the stapled pack of sales documents that Billy took the Bill of Sale from.

She pages through it, slides the documents into its file folder and takes it with her as she exits the trailer.

INT. LOBBY - PEACHTREE MOTEL - ATLANTA - NIGHT

Night Clerk sits behind the desk listening to another episode of "My Favorite Murder" with the volume up...it ends with Karen and Georgia advising: "Stay sexy! Don't get murdered!"

The CLOCK on the wall behind her indicates "12:30 AM."

She looks at her phone. She types.

We see a FACEBOOK PAGE on her phone showing the "AVENGING ANGELS GROUP" with 74,714 Members. She types... smiles... types...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The two duffel bags are on the luggage racks. The rifle bag is on Frank's bed. The two backpacks are each on a bed. Julia sits at the desk tapping the keys on her laptop. Frank stands, bends down close to her, looks at her screen.

JULIA

(points at screen)

Right there. I think we have a better angle. Agree?

FRANK

Zoom in... Yeah. That's better than mine. We'll go at six. Nice work on the location.

On Julia's screen: she clicks away from the MAPS page and opens her PHOTO FOLDER. She clicks on the "Lía" folder that opens to PHOTOS of Lía and Julia. She clicks a photo of Lía and points to it on the screen:

JULIA

That smile. She's so beautiful.

Frank stares at the photo of Lía on Julia's screen.

FRANK

Yeah... She was.

Julia clicks another photo of her and Lía, points to it:

JULIA

This was the day after we graduated.
We were so excited about going to UT,
and being roommates. Living together.
(dreamy)
Kinda like we were getting married.

Frank stares at it. He gently kisses the top of Julia's head.

FRANK

I'm going to get some sleep. Don't
stay up too late.

JULIA

Pleasant dreams, Frank.

FRANK

You too, Julia.

Julia looks back at her screen. Clicks another photo of her
and Lía. She stares at it wistfully. She clicks another photo.

Frank slides the rifle bag and backpack over and lays on his
bed fully clothed. Puts his arm over his eyes. Starts SNORING.

EXT. CLAUDIA'S MOTEL ROOM - MONTGOMERY - NIGHT

Claudia's black Crown Vic is parked in front of a room door.

INT. CLAUDIA'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Claudia's pistol, badge and photo ID lay on the dresser.

She lays naked on her back on the bed staring at the ceiling.
She sweats profusely in an anxious state of meth withdrawal.
She hugs her abdomen. Then gags... then pukes on the bed. She
gets up and runs to the bathroom, passing her nightstand-

-and our view of an 8x10 FRAMED PHOTO on it showing Claudia
smiling, hugging a pretty smiling WHITE WOMAN in her late-20s.

CLOSE on the writing in the lower corner of the photo:
"Claudia, my soul mate & family forever! Love, Aurelie!"

From the bathroom we hear the sound of RETCHING and PUKING,
over and over. Then CRYING... that turns into SOBBING.

INT. CHURCH - MONTGOMERY - NIGHT

Empty and shadowy. Moonlight radiates through colored stained glass windows. We hear a man's soft humble voice:

MAN (V.O.)

O Mary, mystic rose, whose lovable
heart, burning with the living fire
of love, adopted us as thy children
at the foot of the Cross-

A lit RED SANCTUARY LAMP stands beside the altar's tabernacle.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

-becoming thus our most tender
Mother. Make me experience the sweet-
ness of thy motherly heart, as I had
no mother of my own, and the power of
thine intercession with Jesus-

The sanctuary candle casts its RED LIGHT on Billy, who kneels on the floor with his snakeskin boots off in front of a statue of the BLESSED VIRGIN MARY holding BABY JESUS in her arms. Billy looks up at Mary with deep reverence:

BILLY (CONT'D)

-in all the dangers that beset me
during life, and especially at the
dread hour of my death; in such
ways may my heart be ever united to
thine, and love Jesus both now and
through endless ages. Amen.

Billy makes the sign of the cross. He picks up his knife and pistol off the floor beside him. He stands and tucks them into the waistband of his jeans. He picks up his boots and carries them in one hand as he walks silently down the center aisle.

Halfway down the aisle he turns left, walks between two rows of pews to the side aisle, where a door is set into the wall.

He opens the door to a Confessional, enters, closes the door.

We hear the voice of Billy inside the confessional:

BILLY (O.S.)

Bless me God for I do your work.
My last pro-fession was yesterday...
I killed a man today.

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

And, like the twenty-six men, five women and two boys that I killed before him, as your righteous angel of death, Azreal, I was forced to defend myself to continue executing your mission here on earth. Oh God, heavenly Father, I openly beseech you with all of my heart to fortify me with your power and grace to complete your sacred work here. On this vile and diseased planet. Amen.

Moments pass... we hear MUTED SNORING from inside the Confessional.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRANK & JULIA'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Frank lays on his bed fully clothed SNORING.

Julia sits asleep in the chair at the desk with her head resting on her arm on the desk in front of her laptop. She awakes, lifts her head, wipes her mouth. She looks at her black laptop screen. Taps a key, her screen lights up. Her screen shows the FACEBOOK PAGE of the-

"AVENGING ANGELS GROUP" now with 76,208 Members.

She quickly scrolls and skims through the posts. Then stops-

-On a post in the group from 12:30 AM:

💎 Top Fan

Peachtree Motel MamaBear - Atlanta

Guess who's been sleeping in my beds tonight? said the Motel-MamaBear. None other than those two notorious outlaws from Texas: The Nazi Born Killers! Right here in The Big Peach, at the Peachtree Motel! Book your rooms now at the "Angels of Vengeance" rate! Call: 404-547-6900!

Julia's laptop screen shows the current time: "3:15 AM."

Julia looks over at Frank sleeping and SNORING on his bed.

INT. CLAUDIA'S MOTEL ROOM - MONTGOMERY - NIGHT

In the darkened room we see Claudia laying on her back motionless in bed under the sheets, staring at the ceiling...

She throws off the sheets and gets up. She takes the framed photo of her and Aurelie to her opened suitcase on the rack.

She lovingly looks at the photo for several moments... She kisses the image of Aurelie. Then slides the photo under her clothes at the bottom of the suitcase.

She looks at her phone. The time is: "4:30 AM." She taps the FACEBOOK APP, it opens to reveal-

The "Angels of Vengeance Group" page, specifically the post from the motel Night Clerk indicating that the two Texan "Nazi Born Killers" are staying at her Peachtree Motel in Atlanta. Claudia walks into the bathroom. We hear the shower.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - CHURCH - MONTGOMERY - DAWN

Sunlight streams through the colored stained glass windows casting a rainbow of colors on the door of the confessional.

We hear MUTED SNORING from inside... it abruptly stops. Moments pass...

The confessional door opens. Billy exits, wipes his eyes and runs his fingers through his fiery red crew cut. He freezes in surprise at the sight of-

-Two NUNS wearing black and white habits staring at him:

NUN-1
(intense whisper)
Praise the Lord. It is the beast!

The Nuns kneel, fearfully make the sign of the cross and pray-

BILLY
Good morning, Sisters. May God
bless you and keep you holy. Steer
clear of the Niggers and the Jews
though. And remember this: If you
really want to get to heaven
you're going to have to raise a
little hell. Am I right?
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
 (smiles; winks)
 And don't tell anyone that I'm a
 Catholic. Promise me now... Good
 day y'all. Get up off your knees!

Frightfully, the Nuns nod and scramble to their feet.

Billy looks at his phone as he walks down the side aisle
 toward the exit. He stops. Looks at his phone closely--and
 starts running. He BLASTS through the exit door.

INT. LOBBY - PEACHTREE MOTEL - ATLANTA - MORNING

Night Clerk sits behind the desk sleeping with her mouth open.
 The clock on the wall above her indicates "6:00 AM."

Door opens, bell JINGLES. White male DAY CLERK, 30s, enters.

Night Clerk awakes.

DAY CLERK
 Good morning!

NIGHT CLERK
 (groggy; stands)
 Morning.

DAY CLERK
 I got the last parking space. Musta
 been busy with all the new guests?

Night Clerk gathers her belongings and her purse.

NIGHT CLERK
 No... Just a man and a young woman.
 From Texas. In One Seventy-Seven.
 (excited)
 I think it's them.

She walks to the door.

DAY CLERK
 A man and young woman? From Texas?
 It *must* be them. Did you post some-
 thing to the group? There's a huge-

Night Clerk is out the door.

DAY CLERK
-Crowd of people outside.

Day Clerk goes out the door.

EXT. LOBBY/PARKING LOT - PEACHTREE MOTEL - MORNING

Day Clerk stands next to Night Clerk. They stare at-

The parking lot jammed with cars.

"Avenging Angels" FACEBOOK GROUP MEMBERS CHATTER to each other as they hurry from room-to-room spying inside the windows.

FACEBOOK GROUP MEMBERS pose for selfies.

African American FB Group Member, DEREK, 25, wearing a BLACK LIVES MATTER t-shirt, runs over to the Peachtree Desk Clerks:

DEREK
Are they here? Did you see them?
Is he a stud? Is she beautiful?

FB Group Members crowd around them RECORDING on their PHONES.

NIGHT CLERK
Yes, they are here!
(points)
In that room. One Seventy-Seven.

We see a Prius parked in the space in front of Room 177.

NIGHT CLERK (CONT'D)
(puzzled)
Oh, their van is gone.

DEREK
You met them though, right?

NIGHT CLERK
Yes, I did. Very nice polite people.
Didn't seem like they would hurt a fly. He's tall, very handsome, has a full beard. And she was so kind, and beautiful, with long brown hair.

FB GROUP MEMBER-1
(exasperated)
But they killed people! How do you rationalize that? Murder is murder!

NIGHT CLERK

They killed Nazis, Son. The scum of the earth. Killing them is morally correct. It's the Christian thing to do. Are you saying that you support Nazis and their atrocities?

DEREK

Absolutely righteous, Ma'am! We should be killing all the Nazis!

(to FB GM-1)

Are you in the KKK? What're you hiding?! He's probably a Wizard!

FB GROUP MEMBER-2

Only God is allowed to take a life!
It's a mortal sin! Are you depraved?

FB Group Member, ELIJAH, 23, wears a NEVER FORGET! t-shirt:

ELIJAH

I'm a Jew! And I fully support the cleansing of Nazis from our communities, and our country!

(raises fist)

Slaughter them all. In God's name!

FB Group Members CHEER!

Derek and Elijah partner up to argue with FB Group Members-1 &-2. FB Group Members takes sides, VOCALLY support one side or the other. The debate devolves into an angry SHOUTING MATCH.

Claudia stands near the entrance to the parking lot watching and RECORDING them all on her PHONE.

The two Desk Clerks look at each other, then enter the motel.

Billy's Hellcat LOUDLY drives up near the entrance and stops. He looks out the open passenger window at the "Angels of Vengeance" FB Group Members violently YELLING at each other.

Claudia stares at Billy while RECORDING him on her phone.

EXT. CATHEDRAL ROOF - BUCKHEAD - ATLANTA - MORNING

Frank, CLEAN-SHAVEN, and Julia, with her hair CUT SHORT and dyed BLONDE, lay on their stomachs on a blanket at the edge of a flat section of the roof.

Frank sights into the Peachtree Heights neighborhood of up-scale houses through a pair of Sunagor mega-zoom binoculars. Their two rifles, equipped with silencers, lay beside them.

CLOSE view through the binocular lenses on:

- a large house with a manicured landscape
- TWO SECURITY MEN in suits standing at the front door
- one BLACK SUV parked in front of the house
- ONE SECURITY MAN in a suit standing by the SUV

Frank hands Julia the binoculars:

FRANK

Take a look.

Julia views the house, SUV, Security Men, etc.

Frank raises a Vortex Laser Rangefinder to his eye and sights-

CLOSE on the front door of the house with a DISTANCE indicated inside the Rangefinder at: "304 meters."

Frank puts down the rangefinder, picks up his rifle, rests the silencer-equipped barrel on the blanket and adjusts his scope.

FRANK

(looks through scope)

Three-hundred and four meters. A little over three football fields. What's your longest accurate shot?

Julia puts down the binoculars, picks up her rifle, rests the silencer-equipped barrel on the blanket and adjusts her scope:

JULIA

(looks through scope)

I've made shots two-hundred meters out with 0.3-1 MRAD accuracy. I can do it, Frank... The door's opening!

They focus, aim their rifles at the front door of the house.

We see Frank and Julia's side-by-side magnified scope CROSSHAIRS on-

EXT. FRONT DOOR - HOUSE

-The front door opening. A stylish middle-aged WOMAN appears in the doorway wearing a dress.

She holds a cup of coffee in one hand and a briefcase in the other. She says something and hands her briefcase to Security Man-1 as she steps out of the house onto the landing. Door closes.

This is RUTH NAAMAH, MD, Director of the National Disease Control and Prevention Centers and the Agency for Toxic Substances and Disease Registry.

The two Security Men next to Naamah scan the area-

CATHEDRAL ROOF

Frank and Julia's side-by-side magnified scope CROSSHAIRS on Naamah's upper torso-

FRANK

Take it.

CLOSE on their INDEX FINGERS gently curled around their triggers--they simultaneously squeeze the triggers-

-BACK to both magnified scope CROSSHAIRS, side-by-side on Naamah's chest-

SLOW MOTION as TWO BULLETS silently RIP into Naamah's chest--JOLTING her backward--SLAMMING her into the door--coffee cup flies out of her hand--she slides down against the door into a sitting position--her head flops downward. Dead.

Her two Security Men duck, pull weapons, scan the area.

SECURITY MAN-1

(into wrist radio; scans)

She's hit. She's down. Cover all angles... Call nine-one-one!

Security Man at the SUV pulls his weapon, crouches, scans. He pulls out his phone-

SECURITY MAN-3

This is private security for the Director of the NDC. She has been shot. VIP is down. Send ambulance to Twenty-six forty Parkside Drive. Alert Atlanta P.D. Active shooters!

SPLIT SCREEN views of three Security Men scanning...

Naamah sits dead on the landing, her back against the door.

NANNY opens the door--Naamah falls back onto the foyer floor. Nanny's eyes widen, she SCREAMS. Two Children enter the foyer.

EXT. CATHEDRAL ROOF - MORNING

Frank quickly releases both silencers from the rifle muzzles, loads them and both rifles into the rifle bag.

Julia loads the blanket into a backpack.

Frank looks down. He picks up TWO SHELL CASINGS.

They hurry to the roof door, enter the stairwell, door closes.

INT. STAIRWAY - CATHEDRAL

Frank and Julia hustle fast down several flights of stairs with the rifle bag and backpack.

They reach the ground floor landing.

Frank opens the door-

INT. GROUND FLOOR LANDING - CATHEDRAL

-revealing African American priest, FATHER MALCOLM LITTLE, 39, wearing a black cassock and white collar calmly looking at them. Frank and Julia stare at Father Malcolm, assessing his threat level...

Julia pulls her pistol, aims it at Father Malcom.

FATHER MALCOLM

(calm)

It takes heart to be a guerrilla warrior. Because you're all alone. All you have are your guns, and each other. Corporate media has the country's sleeping sheep hating you and the others who don't follow their carefully crafted narrative. Big pharma, big tech and fake news have brainwashed millions of sheep into idolizing the global Nazis who now control us. Especially the evil medical fascist, Dr. Tony Teufel. It's hard to be intelligent, and awake. And to remain nonviolent.

(MORE)

FATHER MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I pray for you, Brother and Sister.
Stay strong. Sow vengeance. Free
us all. In God's name, I bless you.

He makes the sign of the cross to them and steps aside.

Frank nods to Father Malcolm, places his hand on Julia's aimed pistol, gently lowers it. She slides it into her waistband.

Frank and Julia walk past Father Malcolm to the exit door. They turn around and see...nothing. Father Malcolm is gone.

EXT. FRANK'S VAN - STREET - CATHEDRAL - MORNING

Frank and Julia exit the church stairwell and walk calmly across the street to the parked black van.

MUTED SIRENS are heard.

Frank opens the tailgate of the van. They load the rifle bag and backpack. Frank closes the tailgate. He gets into the driver seat. Julia enters the passenger seat. They drive away.

INT. CLAUDIA'S CAR - STREET - PEACHTREE MOTEL - MORNING

Claudia's in the front seat working on her laptop while talking on her phone to FBI Special Agent in Charge, Mueller:

MUELLER (V.O.)

(on phone)

You found William James? That's an unexpected surprise. How?

CLAUDIA

He located the Angels of Vengeance Facebook Group gathered here at the motel, where the Angels spent last night. He's monitoring them as well. I was here when he arrived.

Claudia's laptop screen shows an FBI PROFILE PHOTO of "WILLIAM "BILLY" EARL JAMES, AGE: 50."

MUELLER (V.O.)

He's the Klan's top operator. Over twenty murders. That we know about.

(MORE)

MUELLER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We've been after him for decades
 but haven't been able to make any-
 thing stick. Careful Claudia, he
 doesn't fuck up. Where is he now?

A Female Voice on Claudia's police radio SQUAWKS:

POLICE VOICE (V.O.)
 Code Twenty-Five, Twenty-Five.
 Shots fired. VIP down. Buckhead.
 Code Four, ambulance needed. Peach-
 tree Heights East. Twenty-six forty
 Parkside Drive. Active shooters.

MUELLER (V.O.)
 Get the VIP's name and report. It
 might be related.

CLAUDIA
 Wilco. Over.

Claudia closes her laptop, puts the car in gear, takes off.

EXT. STREET - PEACHTREE MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Billy's Hellcat pulls out from the alley next to the motel and
 follows Claudia's black Crown Victoria at a distance.

INT. FRANK'S VAN - DAY

Plastic Jesus sits on the dashboard. Frank drives. Julia's in
 the passenger seat.

FRANK
 We're five miles to PDK.

JULIA
 Killing a woman. Feels a bit weird.
 But they sell their souls for money
 and power just like all political
 whores. Butana, Naamah, and Teufel.
 Mangulla... Millions dead worldwide,
 Frank. From a disease? Whoever is
 responsible for those deaths, if it
 was created and leaked purposefully
 from a lab, that's genocide.

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

Crimes against humanity. And all the people responsible deserve death. I'll help make things right. For Lía. Malena. And everyone who lost grandparents, fathers, mothers, and most of all, the innocent children. With humility and God's grace, Frank, I will die for all of them.

(looks at Frank)

And I will die with you.

FRANK

It will be my honor, Julia.

(looks at her)

To go home with you.

EXT. NAAMAH'S HOUSE - PARKSIDE DRIVE - BUCKHEAD - DAY

Detectives and Forensic Investigators are at the blood-smeared front door examining it and the bloody landing. A Police Photographer takes pictures.

Atlanta Police and News helicopters circle low overhead. An Atlanta EMS Ambulance speeds away from the house with its SIREN and LIGHTS on.

Atlanta Police and Detective cars are parked in front of the house. Police Patrolmen on the street keep Onlookers behind the yellow police tape cordoning off the Crime Scene.

Network and Local News Vans are parked with Reporters and Cameramen airing live news reports.

Facebook Angels of Vengeance Group Members from the Peachtree Motel move close to the yellow police tape and mix in with the Neighborhood Onlookers.

Within the FB Group Member crowd we find Derek in a MALCOLM X t-shirt and Elijah in a t-shirt with a Red Stripe through a Circled Swastika.

Derek slides up to female thirty-year-old ONLOOKER-1 holding her infant son in her arms. Elijah stands on her other side.

DEREK

I bet it was them.

ONLOOKER-1

(shocked)

Who? Mrs. Naamah was shot in her doorway. In front of her kids! They don't know-

ELIJAH

-Good. She was a fucking Nazi.

ONLOOKER-2

(horrified)

What did you say? Who are you?

Thirty-year-old African American female NETWORK NEWSWOMAN overhears Elijah's statement, moves close to him with her microphone, waves over her Cameraman, they go live on-air:

Newswoman steps close to Elijah in the anti-Swastika t-shirt and insistently shoves her microphone in his face:

NEWSWOMAN

Who are you and what are you saying about this horrific murder of the Director of the NDC?

Derek in the Malcolm X t-shirt moves close to Elijah.

ELIJAH

I said that Director Naamah is, was actually, a Nazi. A medical fascist.

DEREK

We follow the Angels of Vengeance. The Nazi Born Killers from Texas. They're killing Nazis. They killed six Ku Klux Klansmen in Mississippi for lynching a black preacher. Now they killed the head bitch of the NDC. They're draining the sewer, of the morally corrupt.

NEWSWOMAN

(stunned)

But, why do you say she's a Nazi?

DEREK

For money and power Naamah coerced fascist medical protocols on every American. Even children.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

There's indisputable proof the shots cause myocarditis, blood clots and heart attacks in healthy people. Look at all the pro soccer players dropping dead on the pitch. All because that Nazi, *Herman Mangulla*, at the W.E.F. and his evil dwarf, *Tony Teufel*, are enacting the Great Reset. You know about Event 201, right? *Bill Fents*?

NEWSWOMAN

Oh my god. Is that what you think?

ELIJAH

It's truth! After World War Two, we brought the top Nazi scientists here to start NASA under the CIA. Now the Nazis have infiltrated every level of government. Project Paperclip!

DEREK

Who do you think yanks the strings of our puppet "Resident" in DC? The news would be so much better if you knew what the fuck was going on.

NEWSWOMAN

I, oh my god... I'm speechless.

ELIJAH

Good. You never say anything real anyway. Go the fuck away now.

DEREK

Nazi Born Killers rule!

ELIJAH

Vengeance is theirs sayeth the Lord!

Revved up with passion, Elijah hugs Derek. They have a moment. Newswoman lowers her microphone, bewildered. Cameraman smiles.

EXT. PACIFIC AVIATION FBO - DEKALB-PEACHTREE AIRPORT - DAY

Frank's black van is parked near the entrance of the FBO.

We PAN around to the rear of the facility to an open hangar-

HANGAR

-on an Embraer Phenom 100 small business jet. Its Pilot runs through his pre-flight check. The jet's stairs are down.

Frank and Julia carry the rifle bag and backpacks as they walk through the hangar to the jet.

A Pacific Aviation Customer Service Agent takes their bags and loads them into the jet's rear luggage compartment. Closes it.

Frank and Julia board the jet. The Pilot follows them aboard. The door closes.

The jet FIRES its engines, rolls out of the hangar to the tarmac and then onto the runway.

EXT. RUNWAY

The jet waits a few moments, rolls forward, accelerates and takes off.

INT. CLAUDIA'S CAR - PARKSIDE DRIVE - BUCKHEAD - DAY

Claudia's in the driver seat. Her laptop is open.

Her view out her windshield of the Onlookers, FB Group Members and Derek and Elijah near the yellow police tape.

Claudia's laptop screen shows the FBI PROFILE PHOTO of WILLIAM "BILLY" EARL JAMES. Under it are FACES of FIVE AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMEN and TWO BOYS for which WILLIAM "BILLY" EARL JAMES is listed as the "PRIMARY SUSPECT" for their "MURDER" but "NOT CHARGED" due to "LACK OF EVIDENCE."

Claudia looks up at her rearview mirror-

-her rearview mirror shows Billy sitting in the driver seat of the Hellcat a couple houses behind her car.

Claudia closes her laptop, sets it on the passenger seat. She pulls on a pair of latex gloves. Puts her car in gear and drives along the street past the CROWD in front of the house.

Claudia drives out of the neighborhood, turns onto Peachtree Road, heads north.

She looks up at her rearview mirror-

-her rearview mirror shows Billy in the Hellcat following.

Claudia turns off Peachtree into the empty parking lot of the Cathedral that Frank and Julia were at earlier. She parks.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CATHEDRAL - DAY

Billy's Hellcat slowly enters the parking lot and stops fifty feet away from Claudia's black Crown Victoria.

INT. BILLY'S HELLCAT

Billy's in the driver seat. He stares at the Crown Vic.

BILLY

What's your play, nigger bitch?

INT. CLAUDIA'S CROWN VIC

Wearing the latex gloves, Claudia lays out a line of meth on her laptop cover. She takes a cut straw from her ashtray, leans over and SNORTS the line. She INHALES deeply. Blinks.

INT. BILLY'S HELLCAT

Billy slowly drives very close to Claudia's car and her driver's side window. He slides his passenger window down:

BILLY

(smiles)

Hey, FBI whatever the fuck your name is. When you going to take me to the Angels of Vengeance?

Claudia extends a CHROME PISTOL out her driver side window, FIRES FOUR TIMES into Billy's face. His head EXPLODES.

She tosses the pistol into the Hellcat through its window.

INT. CLAUDIA'S CROWN VIC

Claudia slowly drives toward the parking lot exit-

She passes the Cathedral doorway.

SLOW MOTION on Claudia's view of Father Malcolm stoically standing in the shadowed doorway watching her.

CLOSE on Father Malcolm as he raises his BLACK-GLOVED FIST and lowers his head to honor Claudia with a "Black Power Salute."

Claudia stares, nods to him, continues driving toward the lot exit. She pauses, exits, and turns out onto Peachtree Road.

INT. BILLY'S HELLCAT

Billy is a bloody dead mess. The CHROME PISTOL that Claudia threw into the car through the window lays on his bloody lap.

CLOSE on the chrome pistol: the grip is TAPED. The SERIAL NUMBERS are FILED OFF. The pistol gleams in the sunlight.

INT. CLAUDIA'S CROWN VIC - DAY

Claudia's in the driver seat. She talks on her phone speaker.

CLAUDIA
I need a jet.

MUELLER (V.O.)
Why?

CLAUDIA
They're going to Washington.

INT. EMBRAER JET (FLYING) - DAY

Frank and Julia sit across from each other.

FRANK
I knew I'd be here so I wired it.

JULIA
Must've cost a lot. I didn't think you had that kind of money.

FRANK
I had a cannabis farm, didn't Lía tell you? I'm actually kinda rich. When I'm dead, all my assets are going to "RAICES," the Refugee And Immigrant Center for Education and Legal Services in San Antonio.

JULIA
That's very noble of you, Frank.

Frank reaches for a bottle of tequila in the bar rack. He grabs it, and a glass.

JULIA (CONT'D)

(intense)

What're you doing? Just because you're doing something good doesn't mean you get to do something stupid. Put it back, Frank. We got business.

FRANK

Seriously? I think at this point I deserve a drink.

JULIA

You certainly fucking do not. And you will not. You will die with me, sober.

Frank sets the bottle and glass back onto the bar rack.

Julia takes out Plastic Jesus and sets him on the bar rack.

JULIA

He sees everything, Frank. Me too.

FRANK

Jesus Christ. You're like a wife.

Moments pass...

JULIA

While you were sleeping last night I dug into the "West Texas Unsolved Crimes Index."

FRANK

(sighs)

Of course you did. And you found?

JULIA

Eleven unsolved murders. From the scarce data available it looks like they were all connected in some way to your mom and dad and Mary.

(direct)

Are you a serial killer, Frank?

FRANK

I wouldn't call it that.

JULIA

What would you call it?

FRANK
Targeted justice.

JULIA
You are a serial killer.

FRANK
I told you before. It's how I
solved my suicide problem.
(sincere)
How have you been feeling?

JULIA
Nice change of subject... I don't
think about it, anymore. And, my
parents left.

FRANK
Good... You had a helluva a shot
today. You're an amazing partner.

JULIA
I'm an amazing woman.

He reaches over and puts his hand on her hand.

FRANK
I'm glad you came with me.

EXT. TARMAC - DEKALB-PEACHTREE AIRPORT - DAY

Claudia boards a Cessna Citation FBI jet. The door closes.
The jet FIRES its engines, rolls along the tarmac, turns onto
the runway, pauses, rolls forward, accelerates and takes off.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - ATLANTA - DAY

Derek and Elijah sit on separate beds, each on their laptop.

DEREK
She wants us to meet at the Dirksen
Senate Building tomorrow at eight.

ELIJAH
(hops off bed)
Rally the troops. It's a ten hour
drive to DC. I'll coordinate with
the eastern chapter.

DEREK
 She's like Joan of Arc.
 (gets off bed)
 Elijah, I think I'm in love.

Derek and Elijah stuff their few clothes into their backpacks:

ELIJAH
 Derek, people think she's gay.

DEREK
 Who gives a fuck, Eli? So was Joan.

They meet at the dresser. Two PISTOLS lay on it. They pick them up, hold them over their hearts and stare at each other:

ELIJAH
 If we want to shine like the sun-

DEREK
 We have to burn like it.

EXT. TEUFEL'S HOUSE - GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

SUPER: **GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON D.C.**

A Range Rover is parked up near the sprawling house. A black SUV is parked behind it.

INT. TEUFEL'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

An INVERTED CROSS hangs on the wall next to the TELEVISION SCREEN that shows a clip of the interview with the Newswoman, Derek and Elijah:

INSERT: BUCKHEAD NEWSWOMAN INTERVIEW OUTSIDE NAAMAH'S HOUSE

DEREK
 ...the pro soccer players dropping
 dead on the pitch. All because that
 Nazi, Herman Mangulla at the W.E.F.
 and his evil dwarf, Tony Teufel are
 enacting the Great Reset. You know
 about Event 201, right? Bill Fents?

NEWSWOMAN
 Oh my god. Is that what you think?

TV CLICKS off.

Chief of Teufel's security detail, HENRY HIMMLER, 50, wearing a black suit and tie, sets the TV remote control down.

A satanic painting of BAPHOMET, a winged hermaphrodite with horns flanked by two children, hangs behind the desk. Seated at the desk is DR. ANTHONY "TONY" TEUFEL, 80, Head of the National Organization of Health.

HIMMLER

Global awareness is growing exponentially that the disease was created in a biolab and leaked on purpose to kill millions of people. The monsters who murdered Director Naamah will be coming to DC. For you, Tony.

Teufel rises from his desk chair. He's diminutive, Hitler's height of five-feet seven. He walks to the window:

TEUFEL

There is no evidence, Henry. We destroyed it. We'll keep the disease and its mutations in play to keep control of the global populace. Our program to eradicate twenty-million more people will continue.

HIMMLER

People are very angry, Tony. You've lost control of the narrative. The sheep are awake. The time for torches, pitchforks and guns is upon us.

TEUFEL

The global health passport scheme will be put into place to track and monitor their behavior. The W.E.F. will create a comprehensive digital identity and social credit tracking system. The I.M.F. will implement a cryptocurrency for monetary control. And we will control the world. The slaves will own nothing. They will eat bugs. And they will be happy!

(smiles at Himmler)

I will be the focal point of global domination. More powerful than God!

HIMMLER

One small piece of lead can relieve even a mortal god of his power. Do you want to take that risk?

TEUFEL

Henry, I'm the most powerful leader in Washington and soon, the world. I control over six billion in taxpayer funding for tens of thousands of doctors, scientists, labs, pharma, journals, universities, NGO's and the FDA. Nobody is going to stop me from implementing the Great Reset.

HIMMLER

I just pray that you haven't run out of time. You must accomplish your mission. For the good of our world.

TEUFEL

I will be testifying at the Senate hearing before that redneck Senator from Kentucky tomorrow. As scheduled. No extra security. I have no fear.

HIMMLER

On the record, I violently disagree with you. Pride is the foundation of all fatal mistakes.

(walks to door)

We have an FBI agent coming in. A specialist. Name is Lazare.

Himmler exiting-

TEUFEL

She better stay out of my way.

EXT. TAXI - PRIVATE JET ARRIVALS - REAGAN AIRPORT - DAY

SUPER: **WASHINGTON, D.C.**

Taxi Driver loads Frank and Julia's bags into the trunk. Frank and Julia get into the back seat. Driver gets into the driver seat, puts the car in gear. Taxi drives off.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Taxi Driver in driver seat. Frank and Julia in the back seat.

TAXI DRIVER

What hotel?

FRANK

No hotel. Closest used car dealer.

TAXI DRIVER

Oh. Yes, sir.

JULIA

How much cash did you bring?

FRANK

A hundred. For incidentals. We're going to do a little shopping.

JULIA

The cannabis business was good.

FRANK

Very good. And I don't even smoke.

EXT. BLACK SUV - PRIVATE JET HANGAR - REAGAN AIRPORT - DAY

FBI jet in the b.g. as Claudia wheels her bag to the SUV.

SUV Driver tries to take it for her, she walks past him. She leaves her bag near the open rear door, and gets in. Driver closes her door, loads her bag into the rear, closes the tailgate, gets into the driver seat, they drive off.

EXT. CAR WORLD - DAY

Julia slides into the passenger seat of a white van. Frank receives the key fob and paperwork from the Salesman, gets in the driver seat, drives off the lot.

INT. FRANK'S WHITE VAN - DAY

Frank's in the driver seat. Julia's in the passenger seat. Plastic Jesus sits on the dashboard.

JULIA

This is going to be complicated.

FRANK

If it was easy everyone would do it.

JULIA

You ever run out of dumb dad jokes?

FRANK

I'll be out soon. You'll miss them.

(hands her a file)

Take a look.

JULIA

The old Grassy Knoll gambit?

(scans pages...)

Wow, you really did your homework.

FRANK

Yeah. I had a lot of time... He's

testifying tomorrow at ten A.M.

EXT. TEUFEL'S HOUSE - GEORGETOWN - DAY

The black SUV drives up and parks behind the other black SUV.
The tailgate opens.

Claudia exits the rear seat before Driver can open her door.
She walks toward the front door as Driver pulls her bag from
the rear of the SUV and runs with it to catch up with her.

FRONT DOOR

He sets it down next to her.

SUV DRIVER

Here you are, Miss.

Claudia doesn't look at him. She presses the doorbell. It
RINGS. He stands near her awkwardly. Claudia SNIFFS loudly.

The door opens. Himmler appears.

HIMMLER

Special Agent, Lazare? Come in.

Claudia SNIFFS.

HIMMLER

Do you have a cold?

CLAUDIA

No. I have natural immunity.

HIMMLER

I hope you're not contagious. I suggest you take a quick PCR test.

CLAUDIA

Absolutely not.

She clears her throat, spits into a nearby flower pot, then brushes past Himmler into the house.

HIMMLER

(unnerved)

Oh.

(to SUV Driver)

Bring in the bag.

SUV Driver takes the bag inside. The door closes.

INT. ELIJAH'S CAR - NIGHT

The car passes a sign indicating "I-85 North" and another sign: "Welcome to Virginia -- Virginia Is For Lovers."

Elijah's in the driver seat. There's a white skull sticker of "The Punisher" logo on the dashboard. Derek's in the passenger seat with his laptop open:

ELIJAH

This was in the '90s, in New York. Teufel used kids as guinea pigs to test his deadly ineffective AIDS drugs. Like AZT and Nevirapine.

DEREK

(reading webpage)

"These inhumane medical experiments were conducted on primarily poor Black and Hispanic children. Eighty of them died horrible deaths. Teufel just brushed all those dead babies under the rug. They were collateral damage to his sociopathic ambitions. They were throw-away children."

(quiet rage)

I'm sick. Crimes against children, Bro? That cannot stand.

ELIJAH

God will settle the score with him.
We'll help arrange the meeting.

Moments pass...

DEREK

(on phone; excited)
Eli, she just DM'd me.

INT. DEN - TEUFEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Looking like roided-out members of the Aryan Brotherhood, TWO burley BODYGUARDS with blonde hair crew cuts wearing black suits and ties sit at a table watching and listening to Teufel, who sits in a chair near the fireplace. Himmler and Claudia sit on a sofa near him.

A clock on the wall indicates "12:30 AM."

HIMMLER

Taking the Capitol Subway from the Rayburn House station is the most secure access and entry into the Dirksen Building. How many times, Tony do we have to go over this?

TEUFEL

I want to drive to the entrance on First. I want the people to see me! I am the star of this fucking show. Nothing is going to happen to me.

HIMMLER

Special Agent, Lazare? What are your thoughts? You're the expert.

CLAUDIA

It doesn't matter how y'all go in. Reschedule the hearing until after we've caught them. Or he won't be coming out.

TEUFEL

That's preposterous! What do you think you know, Special Agent?

CLAUDIA

These people. They seem to have a death wish. No exit plan. Get it?

HIMMLER

Unfortunately we can't reschedule.

CLAUDIA

Then wrap the Aryan Brotherhood around him. And hope for the best.

Teufel rises in anger:

TEUFEL

(points at Claudia)

You're wrong! They can't get to me.

(to Himmler; rises)

Why did the FBI send me a fucking incompetent Black woman? I'm going to bed!

HIMMLER

We'll depart at seven-thirty, Tony.

Himmler looks at Claudia. She is seething.

EXT. FRANK'S WHITE VAN - CONSTITUTION AVE - NIGHT

Large magnetic commercial business signs are stuck to both sides of the van: "CAPITOL SUBWAY MAINTENANCE, Washington, D.C." that is parked between the Hart and Dirksen Buildings.

Frank and Julia stand by the side of the van. They wear dark blue hats, coveralls, work boots and utility belts. They each hold a canvas tool bag. Frank points to a door between the adjoining buildings.

FRANK

The maintenance spur is through that door between the buildings.

(heartfelt)

You can bail out if you want. I wouldn't hold it-

JULIA

-Fuck off, Frank. I'm in.

They smile, and gently fist bump.

They walk to the steel door. It has a small sign on it indicating: "Maintenance Subway Spur."

EXT. MAINTENANCE SPUR DOOR

They set the tool bags down. Frank takes out lock pick tools.

EXT. CONSTITUTION AVE

A CAPITOL POLICE CRUISER drives by and stops behind the van. It FLASHES its side-mounted SPOTLIGHT at Frank and Julia. They light up. They turn and face the Police Cruiser.

EXT. MAINTENANCE SPUR DOOR

Frank pulls a crumpled WORK ORDER out of his pocket and holds it up in the Police Cruiser's spotlight beam.

JULIA
(worried)
What the fuck is that?

FRANK
Our Home Depot receipt.

The SPOTLIGHT goes off. The CAPITOL POLICE CRUISER drives off.

Frank struggles to pick the lock...

JULIA
I thought you were good at this?

FRANK
(fiddles with lock)
I am. Patience, please.

CLOSE ON the LOCK--it CLICKS--and TURNS.

Frank opens the door. He and Julia enter and close the door.

INT. MAINTENANCE SPUR - CAPITOL SUBWAY SYSTEM - NIGHT

They pull out flashlights and shine them on the stairs down to the Capitol Subway System maintenance spur train tracks.

Dim lights run along the upper walls of the spur tunnel.

Frank and Julia shine their flashlights on the tracks as they walk toward the spur's junction with the main subway line.

They arrive at an ALCOVE near the subway's main line tracks. They enter the dark alcove and sit down with their tool bags.

ALCOVE

FRANK

The train doesn't run at night. Get some sleep.

JULIA

Sucks spending our last night in this literal shit hole.

FRANK

After it's done. We'll be together. In a better place.

Moments pass...

JULIA

Are you my real father, Frank?

FRANK

(long pause)

No... I don't know... I never took the test. Either way, Julia. I love you, as my daughter. I always will.

She holds onto his arm with both hands, snuggles her head against it, smiles and closes her eyes.

EXT. FIRST ST. - ENTRANCE TO DIRKSEN SENATE BUILDING - DAWN

TIMELAPSE arrivals of the Angels of Vengeance Facebook GROUP MEMBERS from dawn to Nine A.M. -- from the first few to over a hundred people. CAPITOL POLICE in riot gear and on HORSEBACK arrive in waves.

During the timelapse, Group Members set up tables, sell t-shirts, etc. When the timelapse ends at Nine, Group Members wear black Angels of Vengeance and Nazi Born Killers t-shirts.

We find Derek in an Angels of Vengeance t-shirt and Elijah in a Nazi Born Killers t-shirt near the entrance of the building.

CAPITOL POLICE in riot gear and on HORSEBACK infiltrate the CROWD of Group Members and begin harassing them. The Group Members defiantly SHOUT BACK at them, holding their positions.

INT. ALCOVE - MAINTENANCE SPUR - SUBWAY TUNNEL - MORNING

Dark blue coveralls, utility belts and hats lay in a heap on the ground. Frank and Julia stand together in their regular clothes. Tools bags at their feet. Julia's on her phone.

JULIA

Just got a weird text from a woman.

FRANK

From the Facebook Group?

JULIA

Not a private Facebook message. A text, to my phone number. I don't think she's in the group. Look.

She shows Frank her phone screen.

FRANK

Let's go.

They pick up their bags, quickly move out of the alcove.

EXT. FIRST ST. - ENTRANCE TO DIRKSEN SENATE BUILDING - MORNING

Derek, Elijah and now over a Hundred Facebook Group Members wear black Angels of Vengeance and Nazi Born Killers t-shirts and wave homemade signs.

- !TEUFEL = HITLER!	- GAS TEUFEL!
- NO MORE NAZIS IN AMERICA!	- END MEDICAL FASCISM!
- ANGELS OF VENGEANCE!	- TONY THE TYRANT: HOW MANY
- KILL THE NAZIS!	KIDS DID YOU KILL TODAY?
	- NAZI BORN KILLERS!

Network and Local News Crews film the peaceful protest.

The protesting GROUP MEMBERS start to repeatedly CHANT:

CROWD

Hey hey, bye-bye, tyrant Teufel,
fucking die! Hey hey, well well,
sadist Teufel, go to hell!

CAPITOL POLICE in riot gear become brutal, VIOLENTLY SHOVING and BEATING on GROUP MEMBERS with their BILLY CLUBS.

Group Members are beaten to the ground where they're KICKED and BEATEN BLOODY by the Police.

The CAPITOL POLICE HORSE MOUNTED PATROL ride into Group Members, KNOCK them down, and drive the scared HORSES over their bodies, TRAMPLING them.

Derek runs to the aid of a trampled GROUP MEMBER on the ground. A CAPITOL POLICEMAN on horseback drives his horse into Derek, knocks him down, TRAMPLES him over and over--the FRIGHTENED HORSE KICKS Derek in the head--BREAKS HIS NECK--instant death.

Elijah freaks, pulls his pistol, aims and FIRES SEVERAL SHOTS at the POLICEMAN, knocking him off his horse. The Policeman hits the ground. Elijah SHOOTS him SEVERAL TIMES.

CAPITOL POLICEMEN aim pistols at Elijah and FIRE REPEATEDLY--hitting him in the head and chest. He falls dead next to Derek.

Horses rise up in fear. Group Members run in panic. Capitol Police SHOOT the fleeing Group Members in the back. Many fall and lay bleeding. Many more lay dead.

NEWS CAMERAS film the murders by Police of many innocent Group Members. Shocked-scared Reporters cower behind the Cameramen.

NEWSMAN

(stunned)

This is worse than Kent State.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE AV - RAYBURN HOUSE BUILDING - MORNING

It's quiet. A few People enter and exit the front doors.

A black SUV drives to the entrance and parks. A large VIP PLACARD is placed in the windshield. Doors open. Himmler and the two Bodyguards exit the SUV, scan the area, nod at the rear door. Door opens, Claudia and Teufel exit the rear seat. Himmler leads them to the entrance. The Bodyguards sandwich Teufel behind Himmler. Claudia follows. They enter the lobby.

INT. LOBBY - RAYBURN HOUSE BUILDING - MORNING

Himmler, Bodyguards on Teufel, and Claudia quickly walk to the escalator and ride it down to the Capitol Subway Level.

INT. RAYBURN HOUSE SUBWAY STATION - MORNING

The entourage of Himmler, Bodyguards on Teufel, and Claudia wait on the platform for the subway train.

TEUFEL

I can't breathe. Give me some
fucking room!

The Bodyguards step away from Teufel. The train arrives, stops, door open. The Entourage enters a subway car, Claudia's phone RINGS, she answers it as she enters. Doors close. The subway car's EMERGENCY BELL RINGS... Doors open. Himmler, Bodyguards, Teufel and Claudia quickly exit the subway car and run to the escalator.

CLAUDIA
Eyes open! Scan! Move!

They all run up the escalator stairs to the lobby.

INT. LOBBY - RAYBURN HOUSE BUILDING - MORNING

-Himmler, Bodyguards, Teufel and Claudia run through the lobby toward the exit doors. Teufel's out of breath. He stops. The Bodyguards lift him by his arms and run him out the exit door-

EXT. INDEPENDENCE AV - RAYBURN HOUSE BUILDING - MORNING

-Himmler, Bodyguards carrying Teufel under his arms and Claudia exit the building and run to the parked SUV:

EXT. SUV - INDEPENDENCE AV - RAYBURN HOUSE BUILDING - MORNING

Himmler opens the driver door--a GUNSHOT to his head.

BG-1 opens the front passenger door--he's SHOT high in the chest, he drops to the street bleeding profusely.

BG-2, standing in front of Teufel, pulls his pistol, crouches, aims, opens the SUV's rear passenger door-

INT. SUV REAR SEAT

-Frank, next to Julia, FIRES--HITS BG-2 in the cheek-

EXT. SUV

-BG-2 falls to the street randomly FIRING MULTIPLE SHOTS into the rear seat area of the SUV. He crawls to the rear wheel of the SUV bleeding badly, leaving alone-

-Teufel, standing frozen in fear near the open rear passenger door. He convulses, piss-soaking his trousers.

INT. SUV REAR SEAT

Julia aims at Teufel--FIRES--her BULLET blows through Teufel's head. He drops dead.

EXT. SUV

Claudia stands calmly with her pistol at the rear of the SUV.

INT. SUV REAR SEAT AREA

BG-1 now at the open front passenger door aiming his pistol-- Julia FIRES SEVERAL TIMES--HITTING BG-1 in the chest--he FIRES REPEATEDLY into the SUV as he falls away to the street.

Claudia FIRES a KILL SHOT into the back of BG-2's head. BG-1, laying prone on the street bleeding out, lifts his pistol--SHOOTS Claudia in the chest. She falls. Then rips her blouse away revealing a bullet slug in her kevlar vest.

Silence.

PAN the bodies of Himmler, BG-1, Teufel, BG-2. Claudia stares.

INT. SUV REAR SEAT

Bloody Frank leans against the door, eyes closed, blood pulsing out of multiple GUNSHOT WOUNDS in his arms and chest.

Next to him, bloody Julia slumps with her head down, bleeding out from multiple GUNSHOT WOUNDS in her neck, chest and back.

Eyes closed, Julia struggles, lifts her head... she opens her eyes. She looks at Frank. She struggles, leans toward him.

JULIA
(choking on blood)
Frank... hug me.

Frank opens his eyes. He struggles, leans over to Julia. He lifts his bloody arms and hands, puts them around her. He hugs her... Julia struggles, she puts her bloody arms around him.

FRANK
(ragged voice)
I got you, Julia. We did it.
(coughs)
You, and me.
(chokes)
Together.

He becomes still.

Plastic Jesus is held in Julia's bloody hand resting on Frank's back.

JULIA
(quietly in his ear)
I love you, Dad.
(chokes)
We're going home.

Her fingers slowly release Plastic Jesus.

She becomes still.

Jesus falls from her hand.

FADE OUT.